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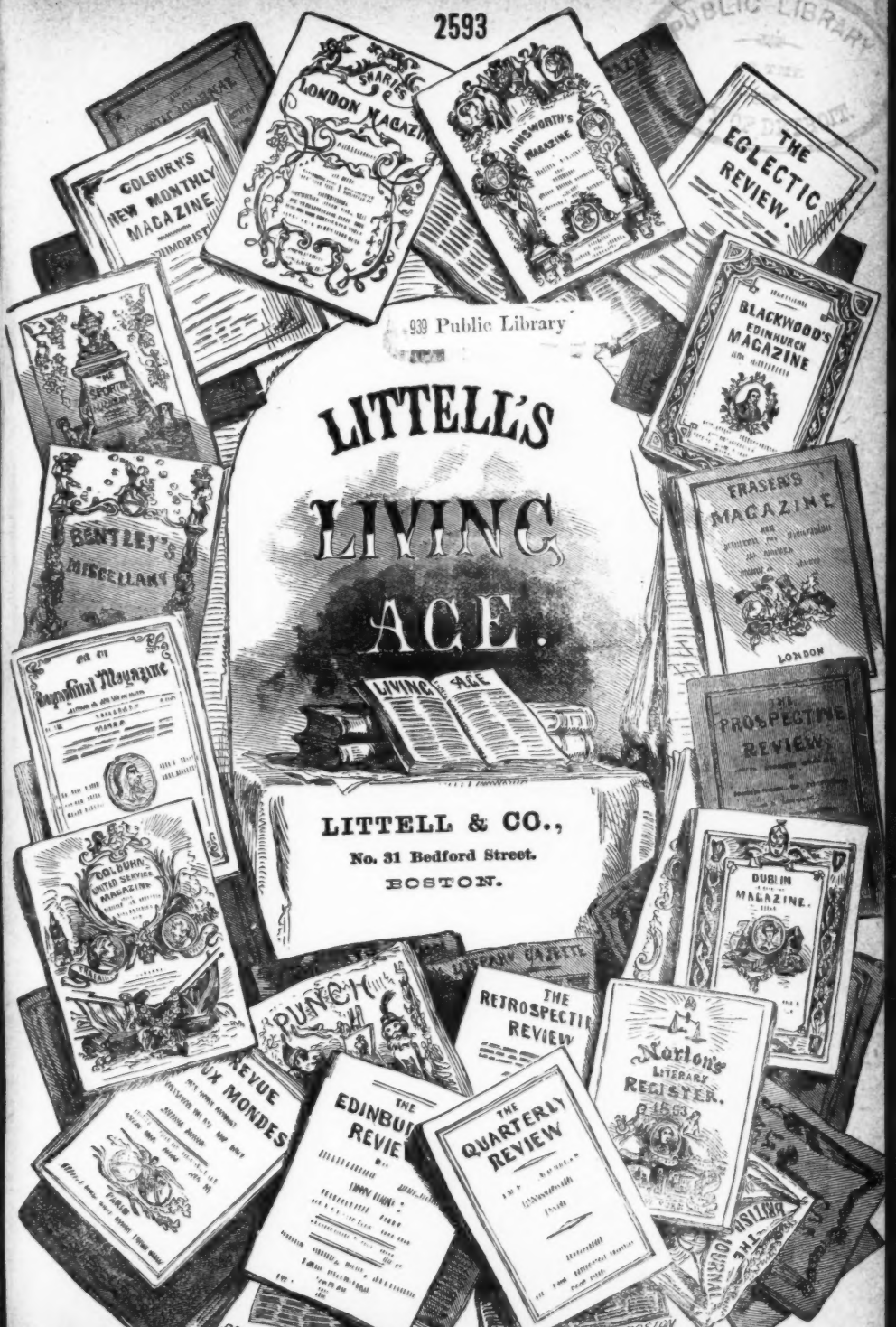
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THE
Political Science Quarterly
for 1894

Will be especially strong in subjects of sociological interest, both theoretical and practical.

Prof. FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS will deal with the former side, while on the latter will appear, among others,

An elaborate historical sketch of "**The Camorra, Mafia and Brigandage in Italy,**" by SIGNOR I. MERLINO.

A scientific study of "**Indian Villages,**" by Prof. W. J. ASHLEY, of Harvard.

In the field of Economics and Finance the volume will contain

A study of "**American Railway Statistics,**" by Prof. H. C. ADAMS, Statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

A comprehensive and critical survey of "**British Local Finance,**" by Mr. G. H. BLUNDEN, of the Imperial Tax Office, London.

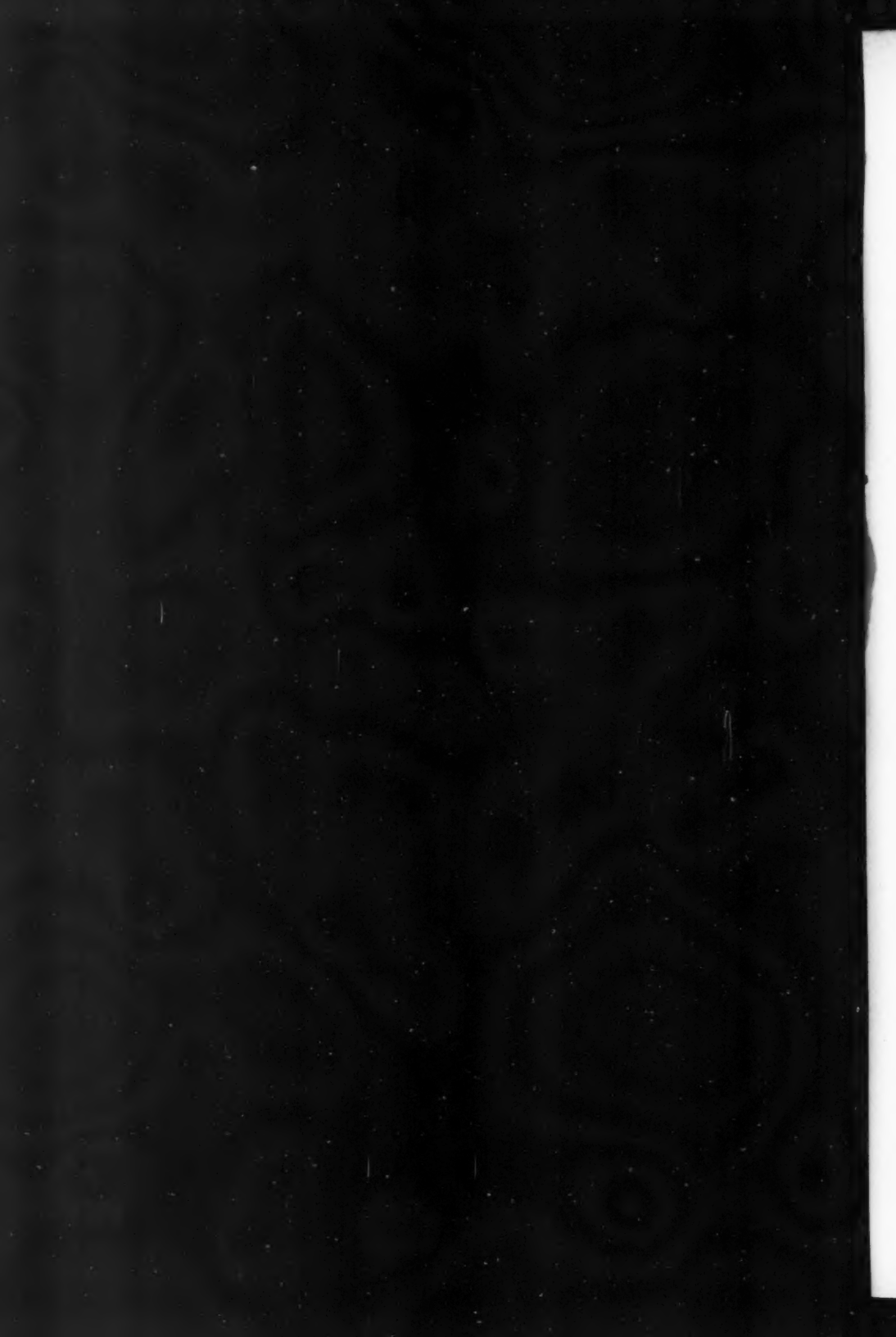
and articles dealing with "**The Operation of the Interstate Commerce Law,**" "**Government Aid to Telegraphs,**" and "**Municipal Monopolies.**"

On the side of public law, Prof. J. FRANKLIN JAMESON, of Brown University, has prepared a careful historical account of "**The Standing-Committee System in American Legislative Bodies,**" and Prof. VAUTIER, of Brussels, will present his review of the now completed "**Constitutional Revision in Belgium.**"

In the history of political science, the work of John Austin and Sir H. S. Maine will be critically reviewed by Profs. DEWEY and BASTABLE respectively.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Vol. 00.

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INVOCATION TO SPRING.

AH ! sweetest, fairest spring !

Why art thou tarrying ?

Come, crowned with light, and flowers,
and melody !

Our eyes are turned to greet

The flashing of thy feet ;

Our hearts are very faint for sight of
thee !

Full many a harbinger

Doth tell us thou art near :

The snowdrop springs from out the wintry
mould ;

The eager leaf-buds throw

Their sheaths aside, and lo !

The crocus lights his lamp of burnished
gold.

The almond-blossom frail

Now flings its dainty veil

Of tenderest rose athwart the branches
bare ;

At thy approach, O spring,

There stirs a quickening

Of life through the expectant earth and
air.

Where'er thy steps are set

Spring up the violet,

The primrose and the wood anemone ;

Oh, come — we turn to greet

The flashing of thy feet ;

Our hearts are very faint for sight of
thee.

Speaker.

E. G. S.

BROUGHT BACK FROM THE SEA.

You sailed away o'er a southern sea,

And ever I watched the wind and the
sky,

And ever I prayed as the days went by,

That God would have mercy and bring
you home.

O love ! my love, if prayer can avail,

You were guarded from danger upon the
deep ;

For I was watching, though all were asleep,
Watching and praying to Heaven for you.

There are many go down in ships to the
sea,

And she gathers them closely in her em-
brace,

And empty for all time must be the place

Of those she thus kisses on forehead and
lip.

But you ; you were watching the waves at
play,

Bright blue waves with their crests of
foam,

Did your heart for an instant ever turn
home ?

Did you think of me once on that southern
sea ?

On that southern sea, in that land of
flowers,

My soul went with you, and time stood
still,

My one prayer, " Guard him from danger
and ill,

Save him and bless him ; and what
though the sea

Should mighty and terrible rise in her
wrath ;

Thou stillest the wind ; thou canst quiet
the wave,

To thee, Lord, I turn, for thou only canst
save

This soul of my soul who is out on the
deep."

Did God hear my prayer, for he brought
you home ?

Brought you back from the pitiless sea.

You, who gave never a thought to me,

Praying and watching when all were
asleep.

Academy.

THE RETROSPECT OF THE JUST.

MARTIAL, x. 23.

His forespent time he summons year by
year,

Nor sighs to think that death is drawing
near,

While Memory, unburdened by regret,

Records no day that he would fain forget.

Thus lengthens virtue life's brief span, for
this

Is twice to live — to own a past that's bliss.

Praeteritosque dies et totos respicit annos,

Nec metuit Lethes jam propioris aquas.

Nulla recordanti lux est ingrata gravisque ;

Nulla fuit, cujus non meminisse velit.

Ampliat aetatis spatium sibi vir bonus ;
hoc est

Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.

Temple Bar.

H. E.

From Longman's Magazine.
DEAN STANLEY OF WESTMINSTER.¹

BY A. K. H. B.

"YOU could not make Stanley a bishop; he writes such an abominable hand." And, indeed, when in departed years the not infrequent letter came from him, one could but go over it repeatedly and write above each word what perhaps it meant. Then gradually the sense appeared. Little things, we know, may keep a great man back from what he would like; and in the latter years Stanley would have liked to be a bishop. Doubtless that illegible manuscript came nearer to the question of his fitness for the great office than his incapacity to put on his clothes, the way he cut himself in shaving, the unconsciousness whether he had taken his necessary food, and the awful confusion in which he kept his bedroom. But there were other reasons, as everybody could see. Outsiders naturally think that the greatest men in the Anglican Church should fill its highest places; forgetting that these are places of special and very exceptional work, for which men so illustrious as Dean Church, as Stanley, as Liddon, are far less fitted than others who must be placed a thousand miles below them.

I heard the words; they were said only to myself. I looked at the stern face, which was gazing right on. We were walking, pretty fast, round and round the cloister of St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle; for an hour exactly, on that day of drenching rain. The speaker was the great duke's nephew, Dean Wellesley of Windsor; who knew very many strange things, and (now and then) spoke out with a startling freedom. If I durst but record what I have heard that remarkable man say, how these pages would be read! Yes, and how fiercely what might be written here would be con-

tradicted by divers cautious and subservient souls; who would contradict it precisely because they knew it true to the letter and the spirit; not to add the fact.

I am not to begin my account of Dean Stanley's life, and of his biography, by any attempt at an estimate of his character, and of the actual work he did in this world. Many have already essayed to do all this; and, so far as concerns the facts, I do not much disagree with what I have seen said by anybody. Stanley's character was easily read; its lines were very marked; and the man was transparent sincerity. You might like him and approve him or not; it was easy to understand him. He awakened the keenest possible likes and dislikes. You might think his work in the main a good work; you might think it mischievous and soul-destroying. Thirty years since, when I had said something in his praise, a very stupid and illiterate Scotch parson said to me, "Dean Stanley! He's a pickpocket. He gets his stipend under false pretences." A very hidebound and narrow soul once refused to meet him in this house, because he was "a Latitudinarian." The religious paper called *Christian Charity* stated that Stanley's teaching led directly to INFIDELITY; so was the word printed, for emphasis sake. Keble and Pusey, saintly and sincere, refused to preach in Westminster Abbey when he was there; thus "coming out and being separate." The lovable Liddon declined at first; but thought better of it and did preach; of course admirably. The well-meaning Lord Shaftesbury was "alarmed" when Bishop Tait made Stanley one of his chaplains: "The bishop knows not the gulf he is opening for himself." When Temple was made Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Pusey averred that he had "participated in the ruin of countless souls." It may be hoped that the good man was mistaken. Who now has a word to say against the decorous and excellent Bishop Temple of London? All this is merely the way in which theologians express themselves. It was even as

¹ The Life and Correspondence of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., late Dean of Westminster. By Rowland E. Prothero, M.A., Barrister-at-law, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. With the co-operation and sanction of the Very Rev. G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. In two volumes, London: John Murray, 1893.

my dear old professor of divinity, Dr. Hill of Glasgow, lecturing to his students, briefly made an end of a great movement by saying, "those pestilent publications, the Tracts for the Times." And it mattered just as much when the saintly Dr. Muir of Edinburgh declared in my hearing at least fifteen times, that to kneel at prayers and stand at praise in the kirk was of the instigation of the Devil. Long ago, when John Knox in this city spoke of "the Trewth," he meant his own opinions. And when he spoke of the popish devils, he meant people who did not agree with him. All these things are outgrown. Had we lived then, and held strong convictions, we should have spoken even so.

In this room where I write, when I look up from my table I see the eager little figure with the sweet, refined, earnest face standing before the bright fire which to him was life, and visibly expanding in its warmth. When I close my eyes, I hear the voice flowing on and on, a very torrent of eager speech; uttered where he was sure of sympathy, if not of entire agreement. Tulloch's grand presence is by, and his silent attention. The lovable Hugh Pearson sits in that chair which I can touch; it was always *Arthur* and *Hugh*. In writing, it was H. P. I look at these shelves, still here as when he saw them; I behold Stanley eagerly going along one side of the chamber, and saying with great rapidity, "I could begin at one end of these shelves and read on to the other." Till of a sudden, "No; I stop here; I could not read this." It was a volume of sermons by Guthrie; to whom, strange to say, he never did justice. And indeed on a September Sunday in Edinburgh in 1862, he "heard" two preachers, one Guthrie and the other not; and strongly expressed his preference of the one who in popularity was pretty nearly nowhere in the general estimation. Hugh Pearson was with him all that day; it was that evening that Stanley, in absence of mind, seized up a piece of buttered toast in his fingers and handed it to Pearson, who received

it after a moment's hesitation. It is not from these volumes that the living, eager Stanley looks out; but from one's own remembrance of words and looks, greatening and brightening upon one since I took up the pen. One's eyes are dimmed; thinking of the little, vanished hand; thinking of the pleasant voice that is still; seeing the beautiful, refined face; discerning, plainly as when present, the worn little figure standing in front of that fire, turning from side to side, and pouring out a stream of speech which was entrancing; and sometimes quite incisive enough. Stanley was a lovable saint; but there was nothing of the sheepish about him. He could defend himself. And he could stand up bravely for any one whom he held to be oppressed and persecuted.

One remembered Froude's saying, sometimes: that Stanley could be tremendously provoking. Provoking in the same way in which Newman was; just one sharp sentence in a long discourse which pierced somebody to the quick, which reached him where he felt most keenly. It was so in that farewell sermon, when he left Oxford for Westminster. It was in Christchurch Cathedral; he chose the place. He had long been silenced as a preacher in Oxford so far as that might be. And now he quoted to divers of these outstanding men who ruled the great university the words of Chalmers concerning it: "You have the finest machinery in the world, and you don't know how to use it." It was distinctly presumptuous in Chalmers to say so; an outsider, speaking in great ignorance. It was extremely irritating when Stanley repeated it. I vividly recall another occasion, over many years. Dr. Lees of St. Giles' at Edinburgh and I had dined at the deanery on a Sunday, before a great evening service in the nave at which Stanley was to preach. The long procession entered in all due state: the choir first, then many clergy; and amid that surpliced train, walked side by side, unvested, the two ministers of the Scottish kirk. We sat in the line with divers canons,

on chairs arranged in order. I remember yet how the fine old man next me shrank away as from pollution. Had I been a canon, I should have done exactly the same. To him, after the training of his life, it was even as it would be to me if a Muggletonian, incapable of spelling, were set to preach in the parish church of St. Andrews. Which indeed may quite possibly be after I am gone. But as Stanley told me he once said to John Bright when the great tribune developed his views as to what was to come of the Church of England, — said with extreme rapidity, — “I hope I may be dead and buried before that comes.” The view developed was as to the actual method of disestablishment. All the parish churches were to be put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder. Then Stanley added, with a ghastly look, “Think of Westminster Abbey being sold by auction !” Two suggestions were made, neither of which pleased him. One, that the ancient Church would move heaven and earth to get it. Another, that it might be carried away stone by stone and set up again beyond the Atlantic. The serious conclusion was that a national building like the great abbey would never be sold, but might be mediatized; remain as a grand monument, attached to no religious “body.” As for the parish churches, here for once Liddon felt even as did Stanley. I see the solemn expression with which Liddon said, walking in the still October sunshine amid great trees yet green, “I don’t see how the visible continuity of the Church of England could be maintained if she were stripped of the fabrics.” And indeed whatever Communion possessed the cathedrals and the parish churches would be in the vulgar estimate the Church of England. I do not know whether or not a most illustrious statesman is of the same mind still concerning that proposed spoliation, as when he said to Liddon in the most fervid tones, “I would fight with my hands to prevent *that* !”

Considering how small a place St. Andrews is, it is wonderful how much

has of late been written about it. The latest volume is Mr. Andrew Lang’s. It had to be bright and charming, coming from that pen; but not every one will quite take in how much vital, weighty, and important truth is given there in the liveliest fashion, on pages which sparkle and effervesce. But it is good both for places and for persons to meet the occasional taking-down. And St. Andrews is taken down in these volumes. No doubt we need it. A very friendly and able writer, essentially a Londoner, in a most kind review of the present writer, deemed it necessary to admonish him that the death of the greatly beloved Principal Tulloch did not eclipse the gaiety of nations; and that the world got on perfectly well without the sweet smile of Principal Shairp. I knew it before; knew it perfectly; but those losses made a terrible difference here. Now Dean Stanley was so much to St. Andrews, “my own St. Andrews,” that it is trying to find how very little St. Andrews was to him. The words come back, “our own University of St. Andrews;” and indeed he was lord rector when he said them: “I never can work so well as at St. Andrews; there is something here which is not at Westminster, which is not at Oxford.” It is not that there was anything but absolute sincerity in such sayings, and many more: “I have got into St. Mary’s College, and I am happy;” when housed under Tulloch’s roof. It is that the intense sympathy which made him at home here, made him equally at home in fifty other places. We could not expect to keep to ourselves the man who knew so many historic cities, so many famous men. And the Kremlin, St. Petersburg, Rome, Avignon, Nuremberg, were more by far than our wind-swept ruins. It pleased him to sit in the General Assembly; but it had pleased him incomparably more could he have been at Rome when the Conclave elected a pope. One never forgets “There’s nothing in the world so interests me as an ecclesiastical curiosity.” Some of us here he regarded as approaching to

being ecclesiastical curiosities. And when he first preached in the parish church here, a brilliant London periodical had the philosophy of the case ready. "Dean Stanley, being tired of the abbey, is rushing about seeking all sorts of queer pulpits to preach from."

Or is it that the authors of these excellent volumes know little or nothing of Scotland; and care even less? I cannot but think that if Stanley had written his autobiography, Scotland would have *bulked larger*; if one may use a horrible church-court phrase, in which, and the like of which, Stanley delighted. He held them as wonderful instances of extreme degradation of the language; and having got a list of them from Shairp and myself (Tulloch cautioning us not to give it) he poured them out when presiding at the dinner of the Literary Fund. The biography is a piece of most faithful work; the man is truly represented here, even to foibles which we never thought foibles. We can remember nothing but good of him. All that is said in these two volumes is right, is fair, is laboriously accurate. But it must be said: The man does not live and move, hurry about and eagerly talk, start up from his breakfast and forget he has eaten nothing; quite as it used to be. I know what the dignity of such a biography demands; I bow to the better judgment of Mr. Prothero and Dean Bradley; no writer could be more competent than either; and the pen is always restrained by a good taste which never for a moment fails. But still, I look back; I see things through a mist of tears. I walk in these streets, on the Links, beside the weary, bent, slight little figure; Bishop Ryle of Liverpool is just the same age, and they entered Oxford the same day: Would that Stanley could have been given the like stalwart frame! I see him, just in from a four-miles round on the "green," having promised to lie down and rest before dinner where much talking must be, laid hold of by certain devout women, and feebly starting to go out a bit again, looking sadly bent and shaky; it was near the end. I

hear the voice, as he looked from the "Ladies' Links" on the green waves of the famous bay tumbling in on the sandy beach, "Ah, Westminster is very good, but there's nothing like this there!" And a Scot likes not to read of "the Rev. James Caird," as the great preacher of a preaching church and country for the last forty years. We call him the Very Rev. John Caird, D.D. LL.D., Principal of the great University of Glasgow. I see Stanley told that we heard much of Bishop Magee of Peterborough as a pulpit orator; reminded that he had listened to both Caird and Magee at their best; asked how he would place them. I hear the answer, given without hesitation and with extreme fervor: "Caird first; and the bishop second, *longo intervallo*." Then, preaching for Hugh Pearson in the charming church of Sonning, when the organ was under repair. Service over, H. P. regretted that the music was not so good as usual, there being no organ. Then the great dean, passing by the pipeless case, "Bless me! Neither there is. I had never remarked it." It was driving from Twyford to Sonning Vicarage that Stanley met what greatly pleased him. He was just married. Lady Augusta and her maid were inside the fly, and Stanley had climbed to the box beside the driver. "I see you have got Lady Augusta Bruce inside," said the friendly Jehu; "I used to be at Windsor, and knew about her there." Said the dean, "Not Lady Augusta Bruce now; Lady Augusta Stanley. She's my wife." To which the driver replied, with unsimulated heartiness, "Then, sir, I wish you joy. You have got about the best woman in the world." It may here be recorded that the pulpit whence Stanley had descended on that day without an organ, drew forth one austere remark from Bishop Blomfield of London. "So you have got a stone pulpit," he said to Pearson. "I don't like it. I prefer a wooden pulpit. In most cases, it is much liker the preacher."

I have seen many photographs of Stanley, but that at the beginning of

the biography is quite the worst I ever saw. It is singularly unfortunate. It gives the idea of a much larger man. And it has a fixed, stony look which is far indeed from the mobile, ever-changing face we knew. Of course, the features are there; but a stranger would never guess how refined, how small they were. I have seen Stanley, for a minute or two, look like that; two or three times of the hundreds in which I have watched him intently. Not in the pulpit of the Abbey did he look so grave. Once, perhaps, sitting before a great fire in the vestry of the parish church before going to preach, I saw that look, and thought it strange. But even then, the face was half the size which is here suggested.

"I should have been a dull, heavy, stupid son of a Cheshire squire, one of a sluggish race, but that my grandfather married a clever, lively Welshwoman;" we have heard these words more than twice or thrice. When Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born on December 13, 1815, his father, afterwards known as Bishop of Norwich, was rector of Alderley, son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, who in 1839 became the first Lord Stanley of Alderley. The biography tells us that the future dean was christened Arthur, "mainly, doubtless, in honor of the hero of Waterloo, whose name was at that time on all men's lips; partly, perhaps, like the first-born of the first Tudor king, in memory of his Welsh ancestry." But this is a bit of imaginative history; some here know better than that. In this house, I have heard him say to a little boy, "If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?" There was but the one reason known to himself. In September, 1824, he was sent to a preparatory school at Seaforth, a quiet hamlet on the Mersey, taught by Mr. Rawson, the parish clergyman. He was bright and clever; but he could not learn arithmetic. The biographer does not know, what I have heard Stanley say, that Mr. Rawson declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care,

save only one, who was yet more hopeless; being unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. But while Stanley remained unchanged to the end, the other boy was to develop a mastery of arithmetic altogether phenomenal. He was to be the great finance minister of after years, Mr. Gladstone; the chancellor of the exchequer who could make a budget speech enchaining. The future premier was a good deal Stanley's senior, but they met. The boy's judgment is, "He is so very good-natured, and I like him very much." Stanley had no ear for music; and no sense of smell. This latter implies the almost utter absence of the sense of taste. I see and hear him at Tulloch's dinner-table, when some mention was made (by one ignorant of the facts) of a great man who lacked power of smelling, vehemently tapping his nose, and exclaiming, "*Here, here!*" He told how once in his life, driving through a fragrant pine wood in the Alps after a shower, he had what he supposed must be the sense of smell for just half an hour: "It made the world like Paradise." And indeed, any one who were allowed to penetrate into retired nooks in the deanery in departed days, were well assured that its master had not that sense. If he had possessed it, the sanitary arrangements would have been seen to, and the dean would not have died when and how he did. It is terrible to think that the beautiful little face was not recognizable when it was hidden forever. Hugh Pearson was not allowed to see it. Not that it mattered. As Samuel Rutherford said, dying, "Glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land." And the old friends have long since met *There*.

When at Seaforth the boy was taken to a three hours' missionary meeting at Liverpool, hard by. At the end of it "I felt rather sick, and had to go out." I thought of the day on which I went with him to hear a Privy Council judgment. We were in what he called "the dress circle;" but after an hour of Lord Chancellor Cairns: "I can't stand any more of this; come away."

It was pleasant going from the deanery to Downing Street, to see all the cabmen, and a host of others, take off their hats to him. And thus early in the boy's life began those travels which to the last were such a delight and rest. Well I remember, going away from St. Andrews, the last words in the railway carriage, "Travelling tires one in body, but it is such an unspeakable refreshment of mind." But he went on, to a friend who was going abroad, "I don't care a bit for snowy Alps; give me a historic German city!"

All the world may rejoice that he went to Rugby; not to Eton as the young Gladstone advised. On the last day of January, 1829, he entered the school he was to make famous. And though Arnold was a great and good man, there can be no doubt who made him a hero to all who read the English tongue. "I certainly should not have taken him for a doctor. He was very pleasant and did not look old." Stanley rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence; always excepting his "sums." With transparent delight he gained prize after prize. But he had no capacity for games. Still his great talents, and his entire amiability, secured him respect; "prevented all annoyance."

When after reciting his beautiful prize poem, "Charles Martel," he returned from Arnold's chair so loaded with prize books that he could hardly carry them, his face radiant, yet so exquisitely modest, and free from all conceit, that we outsiders all rejoiced at "little Stanley's successes."

Then he was elected a scholar of Balliol. And Arnold told the boys that Stanley had not only got everything he could at Rugby, but had already gained high honor for the school at the university. Soon after going to Oxford, the future Broad Churchman appears in an earnest letter to his confidant C. J. Vaughan; whom it is enough to name.

"Alas that a Church that has so divine a service should keep its long list of Articles! I am strengthened more and more in my opinion, that

there is only needed, that there only should be, one: viz., *I believe that Christ is both God and man.*"

And he writes to his friend Lake of an acquaintance among the freshmen:

"A good type of his class apparently, who quotes the Articles as Scripture, the Church as infallible. I went out a walk with him the other day; suddenly a look of horror appeared on his face. 'I did not know such a thing was tolerated in Oxford,' pointing to a notice on the wall. I imagined it to be 'something dreadful.' It was an innocent *To the Chapel*. 'Oh,' said I, 'you mean the Dissenting chapel.' 'Yes, how could it have been built here? I wonder they did not pull it down long ago.'"

That youth was just as tolerant as great John Knox himself.

But no attempt shall be made here to sketch that life. There is not space; and such as would follow the history will read, with profound interest, every sentence of the biography. It grows always brighter and better as it goes on. And it is written with entire sympathy; which does not imply entire agreement. Mr. Prothero's theory of things is probably about as near to Stanley's as Hugh Pearson's was; as is the humble writer's. But who could know the man, and not love him?

In due time, first-class at Oxford. And his famous prize poem, "The Gypsies." Soon beginning to chafe at subscription; specially dreading the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed. Some of us remember how, long after, he laughed like a mischievous schoolboy over a foot-note he had appended to an account of the Greek Archbishop of Syra taking part in a consecration in the Abbey. "It is interesting to remember that this excellent person, not holding the Double Procession of the Holy Ghost, according to the Athanasian Creed, *without doubt shall perish everlastingly.*" And he writes to H. P., in 1841, "I have read No. 90, and almost all its consequences. The result clearly is, that Roman Catholics may become members of the Church and universities

of England, which I for one cannot deplore."

He was ordained by the Bishop of Oxford, after some hesitation on his own part. In 1846, after he had become his father's chaplain, he writes of an ordination in which he had taken part in Norwich Cathedral:—

"A heart-rending sight, half prose, half poetry, half Protestant, half Catholic; an impressive ceremony with its meaning torn away; a profession, really of some importance, and claiming to be of the highest, dislocated from its place in society."

I have heard him tell the story of his first sermon, in a village church near Norwich. Two old women, after service. The first, "Well, I do feel empty-like." The other, "And so do I. That young man did not give us much to feed on." Assuredly he did not preach "a rich Gospel."

One does not mind about Stanley being known by at least four pet names. But it startles, to find the serious Tait, after his historic condemnation of Tract 90, addressed as *Belvedere* and *my dear Greis*. An unlucky association brings back Goldsmith's "I am known as their agreeable Rattle. Rattle is not my real name, but one I'm known by." It is to be confessed that, after he was archbishop, I have heard him called *Potato*. But that was by a very High Churchman, who held him as little better than a Presbyterian.

Nothing need be said of Arnold's death, in June, 1842, nor of the famous life. "I have written just two books, which really made an impression," one has heard him say. The other, of course, was "Sinai and Palestine." When Tait was elected Arnold's successor, Stanley was in deep despondency as to the sufficiency of his scholarship. During the Hampden controversy, Stanley wrote to his sister in defence of Bishop Wilberforce's action. Stanley did not think it wise, but he thought it sincere. And the significant words occur, "any act of undoubted sincerity in him is worth ten times as much as it would have

been in another person." Somehow, one would not like to be defended in that particular way. On a Sunday evening in 1847 Stanley preached in the college chapel, with the unfortunate drawback of having a glove on his head; being quite unaware of the fact. Very like the inaccurate genius who would date a letter the wrong month of the wrong year.

In the autumn of 1849 Stanley's father died; curiously at Brahan Castle, near Dingwall. Dean Hinds of Carlisle was appointed Bishop of Norwich, and Stanley was offered the deanery of Carlisle. He was not yet thirty-four. Had he accepted, it would have changed the course of another life. Tait was glad to leave Rugby for Carlisle. Had Stanley been there, it is quite certain that Tait's five children could not have died from the poisonous drains of the deanery; in which case Tait would not have been thought of for the bishopric of London, and the history of the Church of England might have been different. "The real attraction" of the Canterbury canonry, in 1851, was that it made a home for his mother and sister. "Sinai and Palestine" appeared in March, 1856. "Nothing I have ever written has so much interested and instructed me in the writing." The success was instant and immense. But the saintly Keble felt called to testify. Yet Stanley testified in favor of the "Christian Year," when a "rabid Protestant" declared it was of "very improper tendency." "I confess my blood boils at such fiendish folly and stupidity." In August, 1856, he was at Dumfries, and visited the beautiful churchyard of Kirkpatrick-Irongray, where Jeanie Deans lies under a monument erected by Sir Walter. It is a Covenanting region, and Stanley was greatly interested. In those days the writer was incumbent of that parish; but he did not meet Stanley till 1862. At this time it was put about that Stanley was to be Bishop of London; but every one knows that in September, 1856, Tait was appointed. It was a curious sight to see men in the New Club at

Edinburgh shaking hands enthusiastically, and exclaiming, "*Archy Tait a Bishop!*" Stanley soon became professor of Church history at Oxford. "How many letters of congratulation do you suppose I have received from residents in Oxford? One from Jowett, and — not one beside!" Dr. Pusey, "loving him personally," was constrained to point out that his views tended to unbelief. Stanley replied in courteous terms, that many good souls believed that Pusey's views tended to something in their judgment nearly as bad. I remember Stanley saying that when he became Dean of Westminster, the letters of congratulation reached six hundred. A good many came from Scotland. But his really intimate friends were few. "From Hugh Pearson or Professor Jowett he had no secrets." Indeed to people far below these he sometimes told strange and intimate things not to be repeated. But not one of them, though published ever so widely, would diminish the reverence and love in which he was held by all who really knew him. Surely he had not "verified his quotation" when he wrote, "Trust in the Lord, as Cromwell said, and keep your temper dry."

The story of "*Essays and Reviews*" is fully given. No one has ever related how the book came to be at all. I remember well how John Parker the younger told me that when the series of Oxford and Cambridge essays which that house published came to a close, they had two or three essays on hand, paid for. So instead of casting them aside, old Mr. Parker thought they might as well get a few more, and make up a volume. This was done. The outcry was tremendous. But it sold the book as the Oxford Essays never sold. The tour in the East with the Prince of Wales came early in 1862. During it, his beloved mother died. That September, Stanley and Pearson came to Edinburgh. And here the writer had the inestimable privilege of making Hugh Pearson's acquaintance. Never on this earth was there a more lovable man. And it was

always most touching to see the friends together.

In November, 1863, Stanley was offered the deanery of Westminster. Dr. Wordsworth, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and the most conscientious of men, preached against the appointment from the pulpit of the Abbey. Dean and canon were to become warm friends. On December 23, in Westminster Abbey, Stanley was married to Lady Augusta Bruce. Nothing can be said of that lady better than she deserved. It was the happiest of all marriages. Not long after, he came to Edinburgh and gave two lectures in the Music Hall on Solomon. Substantially they are to be found in his "*Jewish Church*." A great crowd listened. A worthy Philistine stated that they were about as good as Kitto's Bible Readings. In the waiting-room, before the lecture, Stanley was talking to the writer, when a bright, cheery youth, wearing the kilt, came tearing in, and (morally) embraced the dean enthusiastically. It was Prince Alfred, then abiding for a space in Holyrood. He sat next Stanley, on a crowded platform; and hearty applause followed when the dean said Solomon was "like our own Alfred;" turning round in a marked way to the youth. On this visit, Stanley and his wife stayed with Mr. Erskine of Linlathen in Charlotte Square. And the dean made the acquaintance of a good many outstanding ministers of the kirk; hardly any of whom had taken the trouble of attending his lectures. One remarked, when ushered into a drawing-room, he gave his name as *Doctor Stanley*. It was now that leaving our house, Dr. Grant of St. Mary's said to the beloved Dr. Hunter of the Tron Kirk of Edinburgh, "Well, what do you think of the dean?" Dr. Hunter was about a head less in stature than Stanley. But drawing himself up with old-fashioned dignity, he replied, "A most charming man; but somewhat deficient in personal presence!" His "*Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland*," delivered in Edinburgh, caused great diversity of opinion. Which has to be.

Mr. Prothero gives, briefly, Stanley's dream of being elected pope. Some of us have repeatedly heard Stanley tell it at greater length, and in a varied version. I think I can recall it, nearly letter-perfect. Speaking with great rapidity :—

"I don't usually attach any consequence to dreams; but this was remarkable. When I learned that I had been elected pope, I was in great perplexity. Not at all whether I should accept or not; I had no difficulty about that; but what name I should take. I thought of several, but I could not please myself. Hugh Pearson could not help me. So I thought I would go down to the Athenæum, and consult Jacobson, Bishop of Chester. Do any of you know Jacobson? Well, if you did, you would know that he is the man that everybody goes to in perplexity; the most cautious of men. He said, I should take it as a great compliment if you would take my name: William. Why not? Somehow, it would not do. So I thought I should go away to Rome, and see about things there. Forthwith, with the rapidity of a dream, I found myself drawing near to Rome; walking along the Flaminian Way. As I came near the gate, a great procession came forth, to welcome the new pope. Then I suddenly remembered that in the hurry of coming away from home, I had wrapped the blanket of my bed round me; and that it was exactly the color which no pope can wear until he is fully installed in office. I was in great agony. For I thought to myself, these people will think it most presumptuous in me to wear that color when I have no right to it. But, on the other hand, I could not cast the blanket off, for I had not another stitch of raiment about me. Driven to this extremity, of course I awoke."

The papacy had somehow an extraordinary interest for Stanley. Well I remember his saying :—

"My great wish in this life is to be pope. Then I should call a General Council. I should say, 'Am I infallible?' 'Yes.' 'Is whatever I say

certainly true?' 'Yes.' 'Then the first use I make of my infallibility is to declare that I am not infallible; that no pope ever was infallible; that the Church has fallen into many grievous errors, and stands in great need of a Reformation.'"

When I related this to good Bishop Wordsworth, he answered with a solemn face, "Yes, and that night the pope would get a cup of coffee, and he would fall asleep and never awake." Another suggestion was made. When Stanley had spoken the words, a sudden loud outcry would be raised by those nearest, "The pope is taken ill; he has gone mad!" A rush would be made upon him; he would be swept out of the Council; and next day it would be announced that he was dead. But it is quite unnecessary to discuss the steps which would practically be taken.

Long before, while still a professor, Stanley and H. P. had a private interview with Pius IX. I would I had space to relate the details; they are most interesting and strange. One only is given in the life: How the pope said Dr. Pusey was like a church-bell: "He induces others to enter the Church, but he stays outside himself." And coming forth, Stanley's first words to Pearson were, "Well, that infallible man has made more stupid mistakes in twenty minutes than I ever heard any mortal make before."

I am not to say a word of his sermons and speeches at St. Andrews; for I have told the story elsewhere, though only about half.¹ Very true is Mr. Prothero's word of Stanley's visit to the scene of the murder of Archbishop Sharp (never Shairp) at Magus Muir. I know that well, for I took him there. How solemnly he took it all! "It's an awful name, Magus Muir. Great part of the horror of the story comes of the name." The laird asked Stanley to write an inscription

¹ "Dean Stanley at St. Andrews;" published in *Fraser's Magazine*, and now Chap. VIII. in the "Recreations of a Country Parson," Third Series. Also in the two volumes "Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews," *passim*.

for the rude pyramid he put up to mark the spot. But the inscription was too "Broad" for old Mr. Whyte Melville. For it was equally complimentary to the murdered archbishop, and to the conscientious and devout souls who murdered him.

The year 1874 saw Stanley's culmination. In the words of Archbishop Tait, "No clergyman, perhaps, who ever lived, exercised over the public at large, and especially over the literary and thoughtful portion of it, so fascinating an influence."

His wife's death, on "the Day of Ashes" in 1876, changed all this world. Yet even after that, he could be very bright and gay. Well I remember going with him round Henry VII.'s Chapel, how the eager flow of speech stopped, and he silently pointed to her resting-place, and turned away. Also how, going into the Abbey to preach, he got with great speed into his surplice ("I don't believe Stanley ever possessed a cassock," were the words of an eminent friend), and entering his library with a solemn face, he silently patted the bust on its cheek, and then signed to me to follow him. When he went to preach elsewhere he carried "The Order" with him in an old newspaper. There is no doubt he got down-hearted about his work. I have heard the words which are recorded, "Everything I do is sure to fail. The public have ceased to read or listen to anything I can tell them." Yet at a meeting of the C.C.C. Society in the deanery, he was at his very brightest, on the beautiful evening of Monday, May 30, 1881, that day seven weeks that he died. Now and then, his spirits were uproarious. He uttered cries of approval of a paper read by one who could not agree with him in everything. As it grew towards midnight, I took Dean Stanley's hand for the last time. "Yes, I'll preach for you on a Sunday in August, if you will put me up for a few days." These were the final words I heard him say.

Hugh Pearson wrote, "He passed away in perfect peace — two long sighs, and not the slightest movement of the

head or hand. There was no suffering throughout, thank God!"

And H. P., soon to follow, added: —

"What can one look forward to in the future for the Church without him? For myself the light is gone out of life."

But the days of mourning are ended; and we recall lifelike little details with a smile. How he enjoyed the letter which came to him after the figures were set up in the reredos at the Abbey, which began: "*Thou miserable idolater!*" Not less cheering was another communication, assuming a poetic form, which began: "In old Cockaigne did Liddon Khan, a stately preaching-house decree." Then the day on which Archbishop Tait, having written out a telegram at a country office, was addressed: "And wha may ye be that tak' this cognomen?" The dean related the story at a bishops' dinner at Lambeth; but could elicit no more from the cautious primate than "*A very good story.*" Bits of observation: "I never walk along a street in an English town without seeing some name on a signboard which I never saw before." This, in contrast with Scotland, where the same surname of old served a county. Nothing pleased him more, preaching at St. Andrews, than when an old woman with a huge umbrella joined herself to the little procession entering the church, and walked a long time close behind the dean. In graver mood, writing of a visit to St. Andrews: "I am grateful to have a record of days so delightful;" the absence of the incomparable wife being "the one shadow deepening and darkening over what else would have been unmingled happiness."

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MANETTE ANDREY; OR, LIFE DURING
THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY PAUL PERRET.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

XII.

THERE was an end to the choice supper ordered at Fiquet's at the Rocher

de Cancale, and Emilie, as she stood at the entrance of the theatre, still holding Claude's arm, reproached him for not coming to do justice to certain oysters from Jersey, smuggled into St. Malo, and thence sent up by post-horses to Paris. There was also to have been a certain sausage stuffed with fat chicken and truffles, brought from Lyons. And they were to have had a bottle of wine from Voudray in Touraine, a wine that before the Revolution was never on the market, being reserved for the use of churches, and thence called *vin de messe*.

But Manette, whom Laverdac on his part was endeavoring to detain, was distractedly calling for Claude.

For Laverdac was saying to her things such as she had never heard, — had never expected to hear.

"Would she seriously order him to remove that Buscaille from her path? Why not? The rascal had received one good blow, but that had not been enough. He had not had his skull fractured, for he was about again. The work had been only half done. It would be a pleasure to finish it. It was justice. When one meets with a wild animal going to eat you up, you kill it. Was that a crime? Nonsense! It was an act of deliverance for yourself and for others. *Parbleu!* — there would be risk, of course; but Manette must know that to assure the repose of her life, Laverdac was ready to risk his own."

All this was said in a tone of sombre earnestness which frightened his hearer. "Would he do what he proposed? Did he love her so much that he would do such a thing?"

"He did! And if she only said the word!"

It seemed to her that in one moment she had learned to know him. She had mistaken him for a mere libertine, full of self-conceit. Ah! why had she turned to him instead of Claude when she heard that voice shouting for the Carmagnole?

Without answering she continued almost frantically to call, "Claude! Claude!"

Claude at last disengaged himself from Emilie. "Come — come. Let us go," cried Manette excitedly. He objected. She ought at least to take leave of the Citoyenne Laverdac. "Come! Come!" she cried, as seizing his arm she hurried him almost at a run towards one of the cabriolets standing before the theatre.

When they were seated in this vehicle for some time neither spoke. But Claude could not refrain from showing his displeasure. He was annoyed with everything. He did not wish to cultivate a close acquaintance with a man so outspoken as Laverdac, a man whose opinions were evidently not those of a good citizen. Nor was he pleased with Manette. What a strange exhibition she had made of sudden, unaccountable terror. It was very unwise to have quitted the box so hastily. It was affectation. And then not to stay for the choice supper that the Laverdacs would have to pay for!

"Did you recognize the voice that shouted to the archbishop to sing the Carmagnole?" said Manette at last to her husband.

"No. What do you mean?"

So, then, he had not been aware it was the voice of their worst enemy. That voice had sounded the knell of his own happiness, and it had not roused him, because at that moment he was so deeply interested in the drama he had just witnessed, which corresponded with his dreams.

The sentiments that the actors declaimed had delighted him. That the Carmagnole should be sung by an actor dressed up in episcopal robes had not shocked him. She dreaded lest he should begin to tell her that the whole disgusting exhibition had amused him. He went on talking. Would he never have done?

She ceased to listen. The face of Laverdac, full of a stern, set purpose seemed to come between them. "You wish some one would rid you of Buscaille," he seemed to say to her. "You have ordered me to do it." He had really said those words in her ear — said that *she had ordered it*. He

either thought she had, or made believe he thought so.

He had intended her to understand that he would dare anything that she commanded him; and that, for love of her, he was ready to cut short a man's life at the risk of his own.

Could this be really so? Was it possible he loved her with such strength of passion?

But what had he probably done when they left him, even while those burning words were on his lips? Had he gone to the Rocher de Cancale with Emilie, and eaten that supper? What an anti-climax!

The cabriolet stopped. They had returned home. Should she tell Claude that Buscaille had been that evening at that accursed play?

Claude had sat down, and was looking at her. "You surprised me this evening," was all he said. "I did not seem to know you."

That was all his rebuke. His honest, open face resumed its pleasant smile. Why should she make him uneasy? She had many things she might have confessed to him, but he suspected nothing!

"Well," he said at last, "I own that those savage songs are a little alarming. And yet, Manette, I always thought you brave."

"Yes," she said, "those songs — and something else. I got frightened. I have suffered so much from the fears of other people."

"Ah! for my sake! When you took my part against my mother. Believe me, Manette, all that is not forgotten."

He wanted to kiss her, but drew near her timidly. He was afraid she might not like it. She had refused to kiss him that morning. She closed her eyes, and yielded to this embrace of her poor Claude. It might help her, she thought, perhaps, to forget the *other man*.

Several days passed after that, and nothing broke in upon their life's monotony. There were no fresh alarms. As she thought over all that had taken place, she came to the conclusion that

Buscaille must have been so placed at the theatre that he had not seen her. If so, her fears had been premature.

Buscaille might not that evening have seen the Citoyenne Andrey de la Fregeolière, now Citoyenne Cézaron, but he had no need to have seen her, he must know where she was. Sooner or later he would show her that he knew. She owed her few weeks of untroubled happiness only to the blow inflicted on him by the unfortunate *ci-devant*. He had got well again, and now everything was to be feared from him — unless —

Laverdac had said to her: "If a man meets a wild beast about to take his life, he kills him. That was true; but was it always necessary to wait until the beast was rushing on you? Men go in search of the wild beast; they hunt him down before he has had time to harm them. But the hunter must be resolute. Here Manette gave a little shrug.

Laverdac's proposition and his promise had been apparently mere bluster. Nothing had come of it. A momentary impulse had been awakened in him after passing an evening in her company. He had not been to see her. What had become of the ardor with which he had professed his wish to serve her?

That ardor had passed away like smoke. It had vanished the next day. Nothing remained of it. Was Laverdac really in love with her? Yes, she was sure of that. He cared for her far more than he ought, — far more than she wished, but not as much as she had thought he did when he promised to save her.

He had no personal hatred to Buscaille — no motive for getting rid of him — except that the wretch, so long as he lived, would make her own life miserable. Manette put her hands over her eyes and shuddered.

Her sense of danger and her shame were all this week far worse than actual peril. If she heard any noises in the street she started, and felt sure that the party from the section she expected, must be coming. There was

no way of escape from the *bonnets rouges*.

When the noise died away in the distance she fell back breathless in her chair. The hours passed. Alone—always alone—she sat in those small, dark rooms, wrestling with her own fears. She was no longer conscious of her solitude. Then Claude would come home, and his coming brought her no relief. She had chosen him to be her companion through all her future life, and already his company wearied her. He was no longer essential to her happiness. Poor Claude!

But he sat down beside her, and, as he had always done, told her all that had happened to him during the day. How Citizen Grégoire in the little office in the Rue de Grenelle-Honoré was much dissatisfied. There was nothing doing. No money coming in.

"Nobody has any money," she said indifferently. "What could he expect?"

Claude laughed, and repeated his usual formula that times were bad, but bad times would pass away.

"Everything seems passing away—or has passed," she said drearily. She meant "even our happiness."

Claude went on talking. He could always find something to say. There was some new event every day. He had looked in at the section as he passed, just to show himself, for he did not go there any more for his own pleasure. Hanriot undoubtedly would be elected commanding general of the National Guard. Raffet was sure to be beaten.

One day she said: "Why did not you take the winning side and support Hanriot, my poor Claude?"

Claude was displeased with this speech: "Why do you always call me now, 'poor Claude'?" he said, "and what kind of advice are you giving me?"

"One must howl with the wolves when one cannot exterminate them."

"Why! that is exactly what Cilly says. You are quoting him unconsciously."

"Then," she cried, "that bad man

must think just as I do, that it is right to kill those who are preparing to kill us!"

"But I don't think so. You are raving. Ah, Manette, how changed you are!"

She did not answer. Claude continued sadly, "You never talk to me now. Has your heart nothing to say to me?"

She stretched out her hand to him. "We must learn to love each other without talking," she said, "for we do not seem to think alike, dear Claude."

Night came on after a long twilight; a warm, bright night. Claude went to bed. Manette sat by the window. Above the dark funnel, formed by the narrow street with its tall houses, she looked up at a morsel of blue sky studded with stars. Her thoughts had little in common with those of her husband, they could never think alike, she feared, about anything. She was so absorbed that daylight drew near without her having noticed it, and the chill of dawn warned her how many long hours had passed since she sat down there. The stars grew dim, little patches of black cloud, the remains of a storm in the far distance, passed slowly across the reddening sky. Those who live on the housetops awake early. The windows in the garret-rooms along the street were being softly opened.

All of a sudden a clang of bells rang through the silent air; then came another and more distant peal, and then another. They rung out from the thirty churches where thirty sections held their sittings.

Men roused from sleep rushed to their windows. They called across the street to know what had happened. In these dangerous times people were frightened at anything unusual. Then all became quiet. A few muttered words only were heard in the street.

Claude, getting up, was astonished to find Manette still undressed: "Why did not you come to bed?" he said. But he told her the reason for the ringing of the bells. Many of the sections had decided to march on the

Convention, and demand the dismissal of its Committee of Twelve, which the Commune disapproved of, and perhaps they might go so far as to insist on the expulsion of the twenty-two members who went by the name of Girondists.

Claude was making ready to go out. Manette said to him mechanically: "Where are you going?"

"Ah!" he replied, laughing, "you want to hold me back from my duty as you once did, but you were not the same Manette then that you are now."

"No," she replied, "I will not keep you. Go. But first come here and kiss me; for I still love you dearly, my kind, good Claude."

The weather was beautiful. It was the first of June,—the most glorious month of the whole year. The tocsin had ceased ringing, but drums were beating in the streets, and troops were passing. There was little shouting, but there were threats, not loud but deep, and the clash of pikes and guns. A hoarse noise seemed to rise in the distance from all parts of the city.

Manette reflected that the leaders of this host had grown up to manhood in the ignorance, vice, and poverty of the squalid quarters of a great city. Such men had been called suddenly into positions of importance, made rich by the plunder of palaces and churches, gorged with the spoils of the *émigrés* and the proscribed. The power of life and death was theirs. Their hand was against every man.

She had heard that before the Revolution Buscaille, living in a filthy alley off the Rue Git-le-Cœur had made his living by selling roasted apples. He had been accustomed to go along the streets on the left bank of the Seine, carrying his apples for sale in a great basket on his head. He was so small that, as he walked thus, nothing could be seen of him but his little crooked legs, while from beneath the basket came a piping voice crying: "Four sous a dozen!"

Now the ex-vender of roast apples was president of the Revolutionary Committee in his section. That day would probably aggrandize the savage

dwarf. Buscaille and his followers would have everything their own way before night, and, if so, what would happen next to her and Claude, whom Buscaille probably fancied to be so happy in each other?

And Claude was hoping Cilly would protect him and his young wife! Poor Claude! He little knew.

Well, for that one day at least the bells might ring and the drums beat, but the Citizen Buscaille would have something more important to think of than the ruin of Citizen and Citoyenne Cézaron. He and his friends would have something else to do. For twenty-four hours at least she need not fear.

Was it possible that it was six o'clock? Manette lay down upon her bed at last, and slept until eleven. When she awoke the weather was still beautiful. All was quiet in their quarter. The riot was around the Convention, which a few days before had moved its sittings to the Tuileries, and happily very little could be heard of it in the street where she lived.

Manette dressed herself slowly, and discovered as she did so that she would have no dinner that day, for Brigitte had let all the shops be closed before she started out to do her marketing. Manette therefore looked round for a book which might help her to pass the afternoon. She could not find any book that she liked in Claude's little library, and was still searching for one, when Brigitte, with a frightened look, threw open the door, saying: "The Citizen Cilly asks leave to see the citoyenne."

Cilly! Manette had not once thought of him. Why had she said to herself that all fear of battle was over for that day? The color for a moment faded from her face, her heart seemed to cease beating. But she recovered herself, and made ready to encounter him.

As he entered he offered a few vague excuses for his visit. Manette looked at him with some surprise. He was not the same man. The old *ci-devant* had discarded the attire of a *sans-culotte* on the very day which promised to be that of the Jacobins!

most decisive victory. He wore no *carmagnole*; he had even dispensed with the *bonnet rouge*. His dress was that of an ordinary citizen. He wore a long blue *lévite*, or loose overcoat, and black small-clothes. In one hand he held his black-thorn stick, and in the other his hat, with a handsome silk cockade, as if he wished to proclaim publicly that, if he pleased, he was free to set at naught the decrees of the Commune, which had commanded all men to abjure silk cockades.

A sinister smile was on his lips, half hidden by the shadow of his enormous nose.

"Citoyenne Cézaron," he said, "I think you did not expect to see me here to-day."

"I do not remember ever expecting to see you," she replied. "But to-day I should have thought that the affairs of the nation would have required your presence. If, however, you have a few minutes at your disposal —"

And she pointed to a chair. He gave a start of surprise. He remembered that she had kept him standing during his first visit. Surely this beautiful woman was more favorably disposed towards him. He did not perceive that her politeness was mere mockery.

"Citoyenne," he said, "I thank you for reminding me of my duty."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I am convinced you know your duty well. You can, as I know, teach duty to others."

"You mistake me. If Citizen Cézaron has gone to the Convention, as I think he has —"

"He went where everybody else is going."

"True. Twenty thousand men have gone there. There will be forty thousand before night. What is the use of bleating among so many sheep? It will end by their being all driven together into one fold."

Manette gave a little laugh. "And you would like to be the shepherd to drive them?"

He waited a moment before he answered; then he said, —

"Do you know you are different from other women?"

Manette received the compliment quite gravely.

"I did know it partly," she said. "You had told me so already. I know also why you think it."

She was indeed not an ordinary woman, for Cilly saw he did not frighten her. He understood what she had merely hinted. He made a quick gesture, and said sharply: "I do not ask you which side Citizen Cézaron is going to take down yonder."

"The strongest, you may be sure," she said. "He means to follow your lead, and your instructions."

"The thing is, that it is not quite certain which party to-day will prove the strongest. The Section of the Battes-des-Moulins holds out for the Twenty-Two, who the people are demanding shall be outlawed. The men of the section have entrenched themselves in the Garden of the Palais-Egalité. It is rumored that they have even mounted the white cockade. Citizen Cézaron does not, I suppose, incline to the white cockade?"

"By no means does he incline to it, Citizen Cilly. I can answer for him."

"Unfortunately, he favors the Girondists."

"Do you think so? I never saw anything of it, and I know his inmost thoughts."

"Those men have led astray many unreflecting people. But when one has twenty-four hours in which to curse old friends who are deserted by fortune —"

"It is natural to employ the time to advantage, and to feel no shame in doing it. Did you come here to give me this fresh piece of advice, that I might repeat it to my husband?"

"Listen to me, citoyenne."

"I am all attention. I even think I understand."

"To-morrow, or the day after, the tocsin will again rouse you from your sleep. The sections will be reorganized."

"And this time there will be no question of a sheep-fold."

"You must know that Hanriot has been elected general-commandant."

Here the president of the Revolutionary Committee of the Section du Faubourg Poissonnière, colleague of Buscaille, president of the Section de l'Unité, made a pause.

"I wish you to understand the full import of what I am about to say to you. Citizen Cézaron did not vote for Hanriot."

"Do you consider that a crime? I know what you mean now."

"The whole section knew that he intrigued for Raffet."

"Encouraged to act as he did by yourself, Citizen Cilly. You told him that Raffet was the man he should support. Can you have had any object in concealing from him that Hanriot was better?"

"I was not present. He did not suffer himself to be influenced by the events of the last few hours."

"I think that your advice from the first was a snare and a trap," cried Manette, rising. "I have always mistrusted it. I ought to have warned him."

The ex-viscount remained sitting, he gave a little laugh, and shook back the loose sleeves of his *lévite*, as if he were conscious of lace ruffles. The old court noble reappeared for a moment.

"It was doubtless your duty to have done so," he said. "Oh! pardon me, if in my turn I remind you of your duty. Why did you neglect that warning? I can perceive a reason. Shall we try to discover it?"

Manette folded her two beautiful arms, and looked him in the face.

"Let me hear it," she said.

"It may have been because you care less for the safety of Claude Cézaron than formerly. I saw you at the Theatre de la Republique."

"If I had not the pleasure of seeing you there, Citizen Cilly, I presume it was because you were concealing yourself like a spy. I have a great wish to tell you that that was not the conduct of a gentleman."

"Very good," he said, without any apparent emotion. "But why do you call to remembrance things that have passed away?"

"Things you have renounced, you mean."

"Enough. What you say shows the spitefulness of a woman. It is unworthy of you, citoyenne. Did you suggest that I was concealing myself? I was at the back of a *baaignoire*, that was all. It was an evening of surprises. You were frightened, and you started when you heard a certain voice you hoped never to hear again. Ah! a woman has sometimes to pay the penalty of being beautiful. You have awakened sentiments in others besides Buscaille."

"Be silent!" she cried angrily. "The very glances of that wretch insulted me."

"It was not his fault, poor devil, that he fell in love with you. But you may have inspired in other men the same sentiments."

"Do you dare to call the insolent desires of that man *sentiments*? I understand now what you mean, Citizen Cilly. Do you dare to come here, to my own house, and threaten me? You mean me to understand that the life of my husband is in your hands. That I can ransom him. You make no secret of the price that I must pay. No, Citizen Cilly, my husband's head and mine will not be bought from you at the price you ask for them!"

Cilly rose from his chair. "Yes," said he, with brutal frankness. "I make no concealment. You are beautiful, and I wish to make you mine. If you accept my offer you may save two lives,—for there are two men dear to you. When I said, just now, that you inspired certain sentiments in other men besides Buscaille, I did not speak only of myself. I was alluding to another. I tell you I saw you at the Theatre de la Republique. There was a man beside you in your box, leaning over you, whispering to you. I saw pleasure in your face. Between you and him there is some secret bond. It is natural that now you take less interest than you did some weeks ago in your husband's safety,—that you show less care to keep him out of danger. He

has no longer the first place in your interest or your affection."

"Ah!" said she proudly and scornfully, "so then this is the secret cause of my not having put my husband on his guard that you think you have discovered."

"*Parbleu!*—the man who could replace Citizen Cézaron in your heart would be a happy man; if these were days in which men had time for happiness."

"Do you know that all you have been telling me are lies?" she cried.

"Well—suppose that I am just a little in advance of the truth," he said, with that wolfish laugh which showed all his sharp white teeth. "Possibly you may not know yet which you love best. But what you do know is that were your husband to disappear, you have a lover ready to replace him."

"Coward! How dare you!" cried Manette, putting her hands before her eyes. "How dare you!" she repeated.

"What I came here to say to you to-day was this: that both these men are in my power. I can do with them what I please. To-morrow I could send Citizen Claude beyond the barrier."

Manette had dropped into a chair; but now she took her hands away from her face, and he saw that it was bathed with tears. The wretch, as he gazed at her, felt a savage joy.

"You are weeping," he said.

"Yes," she answered; "but my tears have extinguished my anger. Anger can do no good. I might implore your pity for my husband, but to what purpose."

"And for the other one?" he interrupted. "I think you would like best to implore me for the other man."

"You have told me plainly, Citizen Cilly, what price you ask for saving those two lives. Now, you may go."

The *ci-devant*, offended, drew himself up.

"You are turning me out of your house," he said.

"But without words of anger," she replied, trying to smile, though her

face was wet with tears. "I forgive you for having come to insult me in my own house. You thought I was a woman who could be conquered by fear. You see your mistake, and henceforward I trust you will respect me."

Cilly put on his hat with its silk cockade.

"*Au revoir, citoyenne.*"

When Manette found herself alone, she began to walk up and down her chamber.

She wrung her hands. The horror that she felt burst forth in one wild sob: "I shall have killed them both," she said. "Both—both will die, through me!"

From The Nineteenth Century.
BORES.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL.

ONE of Montaigne's chief charms as an essayist consists in the levity with which he handles serious subjects, and the gravity he applies to light ones. But Montaigne wrote for a limited circle of friends; it would clearly be to set at defiance all the ordinary rules of prudence were one to ape his manner and discourse lightly before the general public about that of which we all move in dread. One may speak frivolously of the influenza, for it comes and goes according to inscrutable physical conditions, not likely to be affected by any irresponsible observations; or of the crack of doom, about which nothing is known, and everybody cherishes the hope that it is a long way off. But bores are of us and in our midst; do we not stand in peril of them every hour? Nay, who shall say that he is free from the risk of himself developing some of their most terrible attributes? It is meet, then, in submitting to analysis the subject which gives this paper its title, to apply to it only such dispassionate and penetrating consideration as becomes a weighty matter.

Bores, then, pervade every habitable, or at least every civilized, part of the globe; penetrate every layer of

society ; threaten the integrity of every system of human intercourse. Though intensely gregarious, they abhor each other's company, and cling to association with their natural prey — ordinary men and women. It is believed, therefore, that the bore might be extinguished, either by isolation or by forced association with his own kind, for he cannot exist, even through a single winter like the bear, by sucking his own paws ; but neither experiment has yet been tried, for he is equipped with unerring instinct, whereby he is ever able to elude the most crafty devices for his destruction.

Among all the men of violence who have figured on this world's stage, none has openly avowed the purpose of carrying war against the bores. Ezzolino da Romano, vicar of Ferdinand the Second in northern Italy, exceeded all other tyrants, and Alexander the Third all other popes, in the sickening cruelty with which each pursued his purpose — the secular ruffian aiming at selfish aggrandizement, the ecclesiastic animated by avarice, lust, and narrow nepotism ; but neither they nor any of their competitors in the obscene calendar of crime have ever been suspected of the virtuous purpose of exterminating bores.

Yet in casting about for some palliation or intelligible motive for the monstrous offences against humanity perpetrated by the mediæval rulers of Church and State in Italy, it may be possible to detect, in reading between the lines of edicts condemning men and women to unspeakable tortures, some purpose, sedulously veiled, not unworthy of our sympathy. It may be that the family of princes whom Ezzolino walled up in their country house in Lombardy and left to perish of famine may have been of the generation of bores, for — publish it not in the streets of Askalon — the blood of that race *has* been known to run in royal veins. It is even more plausible to conceive that when Paulus the Second threw certain members of the Roman Academy — Platonists — into prison and tortured them to death upon the

rack, he was impelled to do so, not by blind jealousy of erudition, but because he was goaded to distraction by their interminable talk, and was ridding society of creatures who were making life a grievous burden. If this were so, then, seeing that these despotic and, in other respects, fearless rulers were fain to conceal their real purpose, and, rather than incur the vengeance of a terrible race, accept the infamy of the sordid and vicious motives usually attributed to them, so much the more reason for a humble critic, clinging to his peaceful obscurity, to frame no phrase which, by its apparent levity, may bring him into closer relations with the powerful family which is the subject of his observations. To treat this subject with less than its proper gravity might involve him in relations from the trammels of which he would probably never escape. He would afford an excuse for every bore within speaking or writing range to concentrate attention upon him, in order to prove how incompetent he was to deal with one of the most important phenomena of civilization.

For the bore has no place in primitive stages of society. What times men go with their lives in their hands, and it is matter of concern how each day's dinner is to be come by, they are disposed to welcome any companion from whom violence need not be apprehended. Job endured his friends through many long chapters before he ventured to hint he could stand them no longer. It is so difficult to be "not at home" when living in a tent ; in fact, Achilles is the only person of any note who seems to have managed it effectively. The Athenians gave evidence of precocious culture, when, bored by interminable praise of Aristides, they sent him to Coventry, and brought the lectures of Socrates to a close by a timely dose of hemlock. But those were extreme and isolated cases ; in our own country there were few signs of coming evil till wealth began to abound and foreign campaigns took the place of civil war, with result of much redundant leisure. It

was probably in the reign of Queen Anne that Englishmen first became conscious of the presence of bores. Pope sounded the first note of alarm in the "Dunciad":—

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

The British essayists of the eighteenth century have suffered not at all from want of posthumous appreciation; it may be whispered, indeed, that their productions are not of a uniform degree of effulgence, and that, remarkable as that school of literature undoubtedly is, it owes much of its renown to having marked a new departure in our country, in the wake of nations earlier in culture and freer in fancy. To be perfectly candid, Addison, Johnson, even dear old disreputable lively Steele, wrote a great deal of unmitigated twaddle, wholly unworthy of the immortality for which it has been embalmed. Nevertheless one is often refreshed, in voyaging through the mellow print of last century, by papers written for that day but bearing upon all times, poignantly expressed and full of the clear spirit of philosophy. Of such are Swift's "Hints towards an Essay on Conversation." Swift does not often lead his readers on lofty levels; most of his work is tainted with mordant cynicism or rank with gratuitous grossness, less palatable than open immorality; but there is fruitful thought garnered in this short essay, and one enjoys it as much as the experienced gourmet who, discouraged by the monotony of a dry, sinewy fowl, picks out those sapid morsels in the loins, aptly named *les-sots-les-laissent*. No mature person can peruse these hints without gaining a clearer view of the machinery of human intercourse and the impediments to its easy working. Perhaps one closes the book sighing, "Ah! had I but seen all this when I was younger, how many blunders I might have avoided!"

The writer does not weary his readers with abstruse doctrines or complicated propositions; what he has on his mind is expressed in plain, temperate

sentences, and it is no more than might have been uttered by any one of us. But it is all so true, so direct, so far-reaching, that it ought to be printed as an appendix to the rules of every club in London. Swift tells us that he was moved to write his thoughts on conversation, "by mere indignation to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted for every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so neglected and abused."

He goes on to analyze some of the ways in which people succeed in wearying each other in conversation. So far his task is a simple one. Any one has but to reflect on his own experience and put it in plain words in order to show up his fellow-men as clearly as Swift has done. When the new law courts were about to be opened the judges assembled in conclave to prepare an address to the sovereign. The draft submitted to them began with the words: "Conscious as we are of our own infirmities." The question arose whether this was not just a trifle too abject; upon which Sir Charles Bowen asked, "Would it not be more true to say, Conscious as we are of the infirmities of others?" It is not recorded that the suggestion was adopted; yet how right it was! Motes in the eyes of others are so plainly visible that every one is impatient for their removal. It is so easy to recognize how good a thing is articulate speech; how flexible, how subtle, how obedient it ought to be—how cramped, muffled, ambiguous, it usually is. All this, and much more, we are in as good a position as Swift was to observe and deplore; but smaller men than he would be apt to make the unintelligent mistake of imagining that matters were better *dans le temps*. He knew men better than that; he knew that the defects of one age are the defects of all. How often and how unfavorably we compare the rapid, listless chatter of the club smoking-room—its stale scandal and nerveless comment upon passing events—with the limpid stream that played through Wills' Coffee-

house ! It is useful to listen to Swift's description of it whereby he ruthlessly dispels the golden atmosphere with which our fancy invests that chosen resort of the wits.

The worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life was that at Wills' Coffee-house, where the wits [as they were called] used formerly to assemble—that is to say, five or six men who had writ plays or had share in a miscellany came thither and entertained one another with their trifling composes, in so important an air as if they had been the noblest efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them.

Here indeed is unwelcome disillusion, and were this, and other passages like it, all, one might throw the book aside and comfort oneself with the thought that some day, perhaps, our own little coteries, albeit dingy and tepid enough in the present, may acquire in virtue of distance a respectable warmth and lustre of their own. But what distinguishes this essay above all those of its period is that its author has struck out in a single bright, sharply cut sentence a profile of the malignant principle at the root of the evil. Through a score of pages he dwells on the nature of the disease ; in a short paragraph he lays bare its source and prescribes the sure remedy. Here it is :—

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others, without once making the easy and obvious reflection that *his affairs can have no more weight with other men than theirs can have with him*, and how little that is he is sensible enough.

There is here none of Swift's disagreeable cynicism. He has infused this sentence with the concentrated spirit of altruism, laboriously distilled by successive moralists ; the very essence of that social science elaborated by Lord Chesterfield in whole volumes of anxious letters. It is clear that it would be impossible for any human being to become a bore who should sink his own personality and refrain from calling on other people to listen to the details of his own affairs—loves,

quarrels, money, health, or what not. There is nothing in this, you understand, at variance with the late Dr. Jowett's indulgent saying that he believed bores were generally good men. Very likely they are ; and their only fault is that, instead of encouraging other people to lead out their hobbies, they have not the tact to keep their own locked up in the stable. Are you vain, selfish, gluttonous, amorous, avaricious ? Have the goodness not to talk about it, and you shall find us quite pleased to be in your company. Are you brave, handsome, rich, successful, learned ? For heaven's sake, let us find out all that for ourselves, or you will infallibly be avoided as a bore. For it is the sad case that, although truth is, perhaps, the greatest, as it certainly is the most valuable and lovable of virtues, its possession is no safeguard against becoming a bore. On the contrary, some of the most incorrigible bores that can be named are in conduct conspicuously straightforward, and no one hesitates to accept their word. It is only when affectation and insincerity are so extreme as to meet their opposite—truthfulness—that they tend to shape a weak character into a bore.

Consider Mrs. Gann's two lodgers in the poem to the "Adventures of Philip." One of them, Andrea Fitch, the artist, was a terrible little bore, yet his affectation was so complete that it turned the corner and became practical sincerity, for it deceived nobody except himself.

He was always putting himself into attitudes ; he never spoke the truth, and was so entirely affected and absurd as to be quite honest at last ; for it is my belief that the man did not know truth from falsehood any longer ; and when he was alone, when he was in company—nay, when he was unconscious and sound asleep, snoring in bed—was one complete lump of affectation.

Andrea never injured a human being ; on the contrary, as the story shows, his tender affection prevailed to deliver the object of it in the hour of her direst

need. Yet there can be no doubt he was a bore.

George Brandon, on the other hand—utterly selfish, dishonest, sensual, spendthrift—was a remarkably agreeable fellow, bore an excellent part in conversation, and wrote captivating letters, but for superfluous classical quotations. He held as good an opinion of himself as his poor, silly fellow-lodger did of himself; he was continually scheming for his own advantage, which the other was not, yet no one dreamt of calling Brandon a bore. Why? Because he had the tact—call it cunning if you will—to lead people to talk about their own affairs rather than to listen to his.

Here follows an instance of harmless insincerity employed to impart agreeable feelings to another. A certain distinguished Queen's Counsel met an equally distinguished authoress in the house of a lady friend. They had a pleasant talk, and the lady rose to leave first. Holding the door open for her, Q.C. said in leave-taking, "Now, Mrs. —, we won't let you go till you tell us when we are to have another book. How long are you going to make us wait?" Down-stairs went the authoress in the pleasant glow of being appreciated, for no one is so great as to be invulnerable to delicate flattery. But see the perfidy of Q.C. Carefully closing the door, he returned to his hostess and said, "I am so pleased to have met Mrs. —, but pray tell me the name of one of her books, for I have never read a line she has written."

Nothing could be less sincere, yet every one should be grateful to one who so adroitly oiled the cogs of intercourse. He sacrificed his own hand to that of the other, and won the game.

The hypothesis that the British bore, as we know him, first manifested himself in the reign of Queen Anne is supported by the fact that the people of that age had no convenient designation for the genus. Neither Pope nor Swift, though both writhed under the infliction, found a convenient term to apply to it. The former was evidently groping

for a word when he coined the Dunciad, but a numskull is very far from fulfilling all the attributes of a bore. A bore is very often a numskull, but duncehood does not necessarily imply the active properties of a bore.

The first appearance of this pregnant monosyllable in literature occurs in the letters of Lord Carlisle and of Selwyn; but there it is used to express, not a creature, but a state or condition induced by tedium. Thus in 1767 Lord Carlisle writes: "I enclose you a packet of letters which, if they are French, the Lord deliver you from the bore!" Thereafter it became common as a verb in the correspondence of the eighteenth century; expressive, apparently, of the intolerable anguish inflicted on their fellows by a class of men and women for whom, as yet, no generic term had been devised; and in that employment it has been admirably explained of late in the New English Dictionary as "to weary by tedious conversation, or simply by the failure to be interesting."

But the nineteenth century had not long dawned before the want became too pressing not to be supplied, and writers began to apply the word "bore" to the agent—"the tiresome or uncongenial person; one who wearies or worries." They did so timidly at first, with due caveat of inverted commas; but the term took on; it filled a blank that had been felt for a hundred years, and it had come into such common use by the twenties that Byron declared

Society is now one polished horde
Formed of two mighty tribes—the Bores
and Bored.

Disraeli rashly attempted a definition in "Vivian Grey":—

The true bore is that man who thinks the world is only interested in one subject, because he himself can only comprehend one.

How imperfect is this limitation must be plain to any one who has devoted any attention to the subject. For one of the most justly dreaded varieties of the species is the jocular bore—so fearful in his manifestations as to drive

persons to such hazardous means of escape as are resorted to only in moments of extreme terror.

Now the jocular bore is not necessarily a professional wag; that is a comparatively harmless creature. Any one may, indeed, suffer grievously in a single encounter with one of this sort, but it is his own fault if he does so a second time; for to be an avowed wag, except for hire, implies such a low degree of intellect as to make it easy for one of ordinary capacity to baffle him. No; the really formidable foe is the man who, having distinguished himself by attainments in science, politics, or art, merits attention on their account, but, by some inscrutable action of the bilobed brain, is impelled to buttonhole his victim while he tells a facetious story or recites a rancid epigram. More than one example of this lamentable combination will occur to the minds of your readers. We would willingly hear from such an one something about the new doctrine of the polar origin of life, the bearing of *Amphioxus* and *Aplysia* on the problem of evolution, the liquefaction of oxygen, the latest combination of political parties, or criticism on the pictures of the year; anything he could spare from his vast storehouse of knowledge would be a welcome addition to our own little hoard; but our unkind fate is to listen and try to laugh when we are most disposed to shed tears of vexation. It is not possible, of course, to compile statistics of the motives actuating the people who are run over and killed each year in Piccadilly, for a man's latest thoughts perish with him; but there is good ground for believing that such accidents are chiefly owing to two causes—drink and precipitate flight on the approach of a bore of the kind above described.

Disraeli's definition must therefore be rejected, for the jocular bore is often highly accomplished, and most entertaining when he can be brought to talk on his own subjects. It may be thought Utopian, but there is really something plausible in the idea that this kind of bore may be, if not stamped out, at all events considerably reduced in num-

bers by a rational appeal to themselves. They possess an intelligent side in a degree far above their fellows; let them reflect that the world is growing old and is not so easily tickled as of yore. The tales of Poggio, so richly appreciated in the fifteenth century, raise never a smile in the nineteenth, though their impropriety still stands their author in some stead. Let the jocular bore, therefore, before he begins one of his stories calmly put to himself the question, "Should I—A—derive pleasure from listening to this from the mouth of B?" Infallibly the answer, to be honest, must be an emphatic no. Whereupon A, unless he is a fool, will spare his listeners, and by so much redeem himself from the category of bores.

But, in fact, Disraeli's synthesis of a bore is imperfect in more than one respect. Infinitely more hurtful than the man of one idea is he who is ready, through want of definite occupation, to dabble with any subject under the sun, to ask questions without the faintest purpose of putting the answers to any practical use, and to skip from one topic to another, as if in equal dread of letting his victim escape and of being himself condemned to a few minutes' silence. Steele struck far nearer the mark, long before bores were scientifically classified, when he described idleness as the fountain of this kind of torment; and for every fellow who could afford to be idle in Steele's day there are hundreds in that condition now. He began No. 43 of "The Spectator" with these wise words:—

There are Crowds of Men whose great Misfortune it is that they were not bound to Mechanic Arts or Trades, it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual Task or Employment. Those are such as we commonly call dull Fellows: Persons who, for want of something to do, out of a certain Vacancy of Thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. . . . You may observe the Turn of their Minds tends only to Novelty, and not Satisfaction in anything. It would be Disappointment to them to come to Certainty in anything, for that would gravel them and put an

end to their Enquiries, which dull Fellows do not make for Information, but for Exercise.

It would be difficult, even after nearly two centuries of later experience, to put in so few sentences a clearer description of a bore. It is not just such a one against whom you must be prepared when dining at your club, after a long day's work? You have ensconced yourself at a snug little table alone, and have read two or three pages of a lively article in—say the *Nineteenth Century*, when the fatal “Hullo!” sounds in the air above you. That is the invariable battle-cry of the bore, betokening his presence as surely as the warning hiss does the rattlesnake, and exasperating from its mingled tone of surprise and jocularly. You do not appreciate being greeted as a startling phenomenon, nor are you conscious of anything in your appearance to suggest facetious ideas. It is on the tip of your tongue to say, “My name is *not* Hullo, sir, but Binks,” but that would only make matters worse.

“Hullo! Binks,” your tormentor goes on, “who’d have thought of seeing you here! I say, have you heard the latest about Tom Hargrove and the little widow, eh?”

You give a hypocritical nod, raise your eyebrows, and shrug your shoulders significantly, cherishing a feeble hope that these symptoms of intelligence will give the wretch to understand that you are well posted in all the details of this bit of scandal. May Heaven forgive you! you know little, and care less, about Tom Hargrove; are equally uninformed and indifferent about his relations with widows, little or big; and you are pining to return to your *Nineteenth Century*. Meanwhile the club bore, with legs astride, bending over you, supported by his hands planted on your table, is sweeping the horizon of the dining-room with keen eye, to see if there is any victim more meet for sacrifice than yourself. There happens to be no ram caught in the thicket, so he concentrates himself upon you.

“That was a nice show up about the

bracelet—eh?” he proceeds. “It was, indeed,” you reply, with a sickly smile, for you feel how your frail defence will shortly crumble away under concentrated fire.

“You heard the true story about it, of course?” he persists. A lie trembles on your lip; if ever a lie were pardonable it were now, to avert impending calamity. But *will* it avert it? Even if you succeed in simulating thorough familiarity with all the ins and outs—the first, second, and all the succeeding editions of the story of Tom Hargrove and the widow—the bore will produce another tale from his fardel, and, after piling lie upon lie, your ultimate fate is inevitable; you will be condemned to a lingering captivity. The foe marks your hesitation, and, master-spirit that he is, seizes his opportunity.

“Waiter,” he cries, pointing to a vacant table next to yours, “bring my dinner beside Mr. Binks.” *Quid multa?* Why dwell on the harrowing details of your surrender and sack? You shut your review with a suppressed sigh, and assume a fraudulent air of conviviality towards the ruthless conqueror. It is vain to cherish schemes of retaliation. France may nurse her fury by dreams of recapturing Alsace and Lorraine; Irishmen, at least some of them, may put up with the injustice of being less heavily taxed than Englishmen, because they believe that the day is at hand when they will have a government of their own to lay greater burdens upon them. But for you there is no sweet prospect of revenge, for the club bore is invulnerable in triple brass. You can only sigh for the scheme set forth in “The Spectator,” under which your tyrant might have been tied to some handicraft—if unhealthy, so much the greater gain—and so have been denied the loitering and leisure in which bores are generated. Like the rest of the dangerous classes, bores divide themselves into two groups—positive and negative—and the club bore clearly belongs to the former. It is far the more formidable, just as the ruffian who batters his

wife's head and puts his baby in the water-butt is a beast more to be feared than he who merely neglects to support his family ; but precautions have to be taken against both kinds. The definition, however, of negative bores implies more subtle analysis than suffices for the positive sort. Human judgment, distorted by suffering, is not always to be relied on in this matter. Oliver Wendell Holmes is not only too sweeping in the assertion he puts into the mouth of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, that "all men are bores except when you want them," but he overlooks therein the radical objectivity of the bore. There are times, of course, with all of us when we would fain be apart, when we prefer to dispense with the society of almost every one else. Again, there are times when we desire intercourse with one or more chosen ones, and the presence of others is distinctly superfluous. The lover, for instance, will say in his haste that all men are bores who spoil a *tête-à-tête*. A man's mood or circumstances, in short, may be such that the unwelcome presence of any other individual may be a subjective bore to him, quite independently of the inherent objective qualities of that individual, whom to class as a bore would be manifestly unphilosophic, and probably unjust.

It would be wrong to imagine, because the people of the eighteenth century failed to coin a word to express the bore, that therefore he was not well known to them. The race existed in considerable numbers and of prodigious dimensions. Dr. Johnson was redeemed only by his love of occasional and prolonged seclusion from figuring in this category ; indeed his passion for argument, of all forms of conversation the most wearisome, makes it almost impossible to exclude him from the list. Loud, rude, and impatient, if people got the better of him in dispute he insulted them ; if he overcame them he turned them into ridicule. No one was better able to pronounce judgment on a man's social qualities than Horace Walpole.

The more [he says] one hears of Johnson, the more preposterous assemblage he appears of strong common sense, of the lowest bigotry and prejudices, of pride, brutality, fretfulness, and vanity.

What reconciled ordinary people to being in company with a man of so many forbidding attributes was the prospect of amusement in seeing others ground to powder. Sometimes the punishment was no more than just, as when a pert young fellow asked Johnson, "What would you give, old gentleman, to be as young and sprightly as I am ?" "Why, sir," was the thunderous reply, "I would almost be content to be as foolish." But at other times he would turn and rend inoffensive bystanders. This was to be something more than a bore ; it was dangerous, and wearied out his best friends—those of them at least who, like Mrs. Thrale, had any independence of character. One can only wonder that they endured him so long, partly out of pity for his physical infirmity and poverty, and partly, no doubt, because the man cannot have been destitute of charm who could write as follows :—

To let friendship die away by negligence certainly is not wise ; it is voluntarily to throw away one of the greatest comforts of this weary pilgrimage, of which, when it is, as it must be, taken finally away, he that travels on alone will wonder how his esteem can be so little.¹

¹ Were there nothing else recorded of Dr. Johnson than what he did on waking one morning to find himself speechless and crippled by a stroke of paralysis, there were enough to command reverence for a mind which sometimes shone obscurely through a clumsy mortal envelope. Supremely anxious lest the calamity which he felt had visited his body should also have impaired his intellect, he tested it by putting the silent prayer that sprang to his lips into Latin verse :—

"Summe Pater! quodcunque tuum de corpore numen

Hoc statuatur, precibus Christus adesce velit.
Ingenuo parcas, nec sit mihi culpa rogasse,
Quâ solum potero parte placere tibi."

Of which the spirit may be thus rendered :—

Great Sire ! by whatso'er decree
Has come the blow thy servant bears,
Although his lips must silent be,
May Christ lend audience to his prayers.
Yet, spare his intellect, O Lord !
Nor deem it pride that prompts the vow,
For by that part thou art adored,
And shalt be evermore as now.

But if Johnson, in virtue of his work and forceful mind, be acquitted, what can be said to prevent his chronicler Boswell being deemed the very worst of bores? Restless, garrulous, flip-pant, inquisitive, drunken, he has written his character so large in his own hand, that Walpole's evidence is almost superfluous. Yet Walpole has, with infinitely dexterous touch, given such a vivid picture of an incident in his house in Arlington Street that it is hard to refrain from quotation:—

Boswell, that quintessence of busybodies, called on me last week, and was let in, which he should not have been could I have foreseen it. After tapping many topics, to which I made as dry answers as an unbribed oracle, he vented his errand: "Had I seen Dr. Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets'?" I said slightly, "No, not yet;" and so overlaid his whole impertinence.

There is nothing wanting here to the letter-writer's art. Slightly as it is sketched, many pages of manuscript could have added nothing to our comprehension of the scene. We can see the pale, dark-eyed, frail Horace receive with icy courtesy the rubicund, fussy tattler, parry innumerable questions, assent to the patter of commonplace, and betray impatience by no more than the nervous fingering of an ivory paper-knife on the table beside him.

It avails not to multiply instances of distinction attained in this walk. Jemie Boswell may be taken as the typical, the standard bore, by comparison with whom every other may be tested. For just as early in the history of human culture the Ionian school produced men of a range and scope of intellect that has never since been surpassed, so, almost before English society was conscious of the danger to which it was exposed, Boswell blazed upon it—precocious, invulnerable, complete in all the attributes of the bore—the father of the modern race.

So much, and perhaps over-much, on the historical part of the subject; now for what concerns us more nearly—the present distribution and armament

of the race, and the condition of our defences against them.

Negative bores are, strangely enough, to be most surely found in literary circles. It might have been expected that this form of culture would prove the most certain to purge a man of self-consciousness. The ocean of literature is so vast and so profound, it reaches towards such a distant horizon, that he whose business it is to contribute to it must surely be penetrated with the sense of his own insignificance. It is not so, as daily experience must prove, and it may easily be seen that the smaller the bucket to be discharged, the weightier the writer's sense of his own importance. No man was ever freer from self-assertion than Sir Walter Scott, though he laid broader foundations for it than most moderns. See how shrewdly he touched, how gently he condoned, the foible of a smaller *confère*, in a letter to Lady Abercorn:—

I am not surprised that Tom Campbell disappointed your expectations in society. To a mind peculiarly irritable, and galled, I fear, by the consciousness of narrow circumstances, there is added a want of acquaintance with the usual intercourse of the world, which, like many other things, can only be acquired at an early period of life. Besides, I have always remarked that literary people think themselves obliged to take somewhat of a constrained and affected turn in conversation, seeming to consider themselves as less a part of the company than something which the rest were come to see and wonder at.

This is a good illustration of the negative bore—the person to whom society is anxious to show consideration proportioned to his attainments, yet who is exacting and suspicious lest he receive less than he believes his due. Nothing, it is feared, can be done to this sort in the present; prayer and fasting on the part of others avail nothing, and it is of his nature that the culprit cannot be got to pray and fast for his own shortcomings, though very likely he sits permanently in sackcloth and ashes on account of the perverse generation with whom his lot is cast.

Nevertheless, something may be done to protect and purify generations yet unborn, and it is clearly a noble part to exert our understanding for them. Children should be trained from tender years in that cardinal maxim of whist which has been embodied in the execrable rhyme : —

Regard your hand as to your partner's
joined
And play, not one alone, but both com-
bined.

The bad whist-player who cannot be got to understand that he has to play, not thirteen, but twenty-six cards, is the exact counterpart of the individual whose thoughts cannot detach themselves from the coloring of his own pursuits or circumstances. Ariosto Petrarch Villon Jones has achieved some success in verse ; his satchel of sonnets, neatly printed on rough paper with preposterously ragged edges, furnished with a title-page of archaic design and a frontispiece representing the Lothely Ladye in her most abandoned mood, has touched the rare distinction of a third edition. The flowing tide is with him ; he is one of the lions of the hour, and no one could complain though he should mildly roar. But, however conscious of, and, as it may be hoped, grateful he may be for the attention paid to him, it is distinctly a blunder when Mr. A. P. V. Jones thinks it safe or in good taste to neglect all the ordinary means of sweetening intercourse with his fellow-creatures. Sonnets are, after all, pretty well caviare to the general, and caviare, too, of a kind with which the market is at present rather over than under stocked ; it is on ordinary men and women whom we must all, even if we are gifted poets, rely as travelling companions, and if they come to look upon the gifted poet as a bore he will be apt to find his earthly sojourn become a trifle solitary. People may continue to buy his books, but they won't put up with Mr. A. P. V. Jones at any price—least of all at his own. The poet's stock in trade is his imagination ; it is strange how often defects

in that faculty prevent him from seeing into the minds of other people—of playing his own hand to suit theirs. The poet's boast is his culture, but true culture is that which reckons with the souls of others as clearly as with one's own. It is imperfect imagination and culture which give Mr. A. P. V. Jones and his sort that dissatisfied, peevish mien which, although hostesses are pleased to receive them at their entertainments, makes men prefer to keep out of their path—makes them bores, in short. Minds of the first order are quick with all-embracing sympathy, but those of inferior ranks are too likely to be tainted with self-consciousness. He who has either touched fame or preserved his obscurity may hold popular applause at its right value ; but it often intoxicates one who has attained no more than distinction, and deprives him of common sense.

There is no more common manifestation of the bore than the way some people talk of their bodily ailments. Everybody with a disorder must be painfully conscious of it ; there need be no doubt about that. An ordinary cold in the head is probably the uppermost idea in the mind of him afflicted by it, just as the exquisite rhythm of his own sonnets is ever the ruling reflection in that of Mr. A. P. V. Jones. All the more pressing is the duty of marshalling one's ideas before offering them to the notice of an acquaintance. A sensitive person will do so instinctively—from delicacy of perception, a sensible one consciously—from a rational desire to please. Both will be influenced by a thought which might be put thus into words : “ Of what *possible* greater concern can my catarrh be to So-and-so than the million and odd other catarrhs now being endured by the people of these islands ? ” Unhappily there are many persons neither sensitive nor sensible, and these be the very people out of which bores are fashioned ; there is nothing commoner than to meet people anxious to dwell at great length on all the phases of their disorders. There comes to mind a certain lady, who, not very many years

ago, was of the sort a man might well be content to take a very long journey and endure much inconvenience to have the privilege of seeing. Her eyes were tender and "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue;" her complexion a divine amalgam of ivory and rose; her laughter so low and soft one didn't know what to do; and her talk was that mixture of sentiment and persiflage which sways more minds than all the prosings of the schools. Time has laid its finger gently on this lady's charms—her cheeks are not hollow, her eyes not faded, the accents are the same; but the aches and pains which visit her fair frame have become the staple of her confidence; one wearies in listening to moans about the obstinacy of ailments and the futility of treatment; not to meet her would the long journey now be taken, but rather to escape the charm of taking her to dinner. She has, in short, become a perfect bore.

It is rather odd that this infirmity should have escaped Molière's keen perception when he penned the amusing comedy-ballet "*Les Fâcheux*." His country was a full century in advance of ours in experience of the good and ill of civilization; he not only anticipated us by two centuries in devising the term *fâcheux* to express what we mean by a bore,¹ but he has collected into one short piece a very comprehensive assortment of different kinds. Some of the types are immortal—Alcidor, for instance, who bustles into the playhouse and, fixing on Eraste, who is only putting off the time before a rendezvous with Orphise, talks louder than the actors and explains the plot in advance.

Tu n'as pas vu ceci, Marquis? Ah, Dieu me damne!
Je le trouve assez drôle, et je ne suis pas âne;

¹ How much the want of a convenient term was felt in English may be seen in a translation of Cardinal Richelieu's "*L'Art de plaire dans la Conversation*," published in London in 1722. The French and English versions are printed side by side, and on p. 95 the sentence "*Quoi! vous pouvez excuser ces fâcheux*," etc., is translated, "You can then excuse these Troublesomes," etc.

Je sais par quelles lois un ouvrage est par-
fait,
Et Corneille me vient lire tout ce qu'il fait.
Là-dessus de la pièce il m'a fait un som-
maire,
Scène à scène averti de ce qui s'alloit faire,
Et jusques à des vers qu'il en savoit par
cœur
Il me les récitait tout haut avant l'acteur.

Lisandre, perpetually singing and tripping his last new *coranto*, is one of Disraeli's ideal bores—the man of one subject; Alcippe we know, with his interminable explanation of disputed card play; Caritides the pedant, and Dorant the hunting bore—all these are good enough. But Molière fails in scientific analysis in the same way that Oliver Holmes failed in his comprehensive definition. Alcandre, who interferes with Eraste's *tête-à-tête* by asking him to carry a challenge, is unfairly classed among the *fâcheux*; he is at most only an instance of a subjective and temporary bore; and as for the valet, La Montagne, he is no more of a bore than Sam Weller, and not half as much so as the sententious Sancho. The philosophy is delightful with which he soothes his master, ruffled by an encounter with the odious Alcidor:

Le ciel veut qu'ici bas chacun ait ses
fâcheux,
Et les hommes seroient sans cela trop
heureux.

There is another mischance incident to human life which, though it be necessary to allude to it sometimes, is much more commonly dwelt upon by sufferers than there is any need for. It is usually called poverty, but really consists in no more than the necessity of denying oneself certain pleasant but superfluous luxuries. It would, of course, be a very fine world if every one were able to keep two pairs of carriage horses and a good cook; but it is a great mistake for any one to suppose that, so long as he can keep a roof over his head and a coat on his back, it is a matter of the slightest interest to anybody else—anybody, that is, whose regard is worth retaining—whether his income be 500*l.* a year, or 5,000*l.*,

or 50,000l. It is just as ill-advised to make the smallness of your means a topic of conversation as the affluence of them. This is specially the case in this country, where we are sadly deficient in the graces of expression. It is necessary of course, sometimes, though not half so often as is supposed, to mention one's inability to incur such and such expense. You happen to speak anxiously in the presence of a friend about your wife's health.

"My dear fellow," he says earnestly, "you ought to take that in time. Chests are not to be trifled with, especially in these days of influenza. Take her away at once, and, if you will follow my advice, let it be to take a villa there for the winter, and you'll never repent it."

"Oh, it's all very well for *you* to give advice," you reply with a mien of virtuous austerity, "but *I* can't afford it, you know. Why, look here, my rents are down five-and-twenty or thirty per cent. (that comes off free income, mind), I have three boys at school, and then there's the governess at home," etc., etc. If your friend is well-bred and sympathetic you will very likely be tempted to enter at some length upon your misfortunes, but none the less will he be bored with you. This is essentially a moment to

Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

It sounds heartless to say so, but men are impatient with poor acquaintances, not because of their narrow fortune, not because they apprehend appeals to their liberality, but simply because the story is ungracefully told. Plenty of people are poor, and yet not bores, because they can bear and even talk of their poverty without wearying others, just as there are sweet old men with whom to be is a delight as great as the burden of being with others. It is the way the mantle is carried, not its texture or trimming, that makes the wearer look knightly or beggarly. The truth is, we English-speaking people have not the gift to trick out harsh truth in lightsome phrase. They pos-

sess that art in Naples. Children of the sun and sea-breeze, needy and mendacious more than the populace of most towns, they can tell the truth about their narrow means more poetically than any others. There are no milk-carts in Naples, the cows and goats are driven in each day from the country and milked at the house-doors of customers. It often happens that a poor housewife has not the needful coppers to pay for the day's supply; *passa la vacca* — let the cow pass on — is then the word; and *passa la vacca* has become a well-understood metaphor among all classes for "I can't afford it." Such a phrase has a reflex effect upon him who utters it; he is snapping his fingers at untoward circumstance; there is a lordly nonchalance in his tone as different as can be from the beggar's whine. Yet when begging is his occasion none understands it better than the Neapolitan.

Verbal expression — spoken intercourse between a man and his fellows — is sure to degenerate without watchful culture. The English tongue, though inferior in harmony to some Continental languages, is pliant and melodious enough to bring minds into very intimate communion, but it must not be carelessly used, and it will not stand pranks being played with it. There are some people who think it engaging, or once thought it so, and have contracted a horrible habit to mispronounce words. You know by experience the vocables which they are accustomed to torture, and you wince at what is coming. Such people may be expected to talk of "mutting" for "mutton," "hombibus" for "omnibus," and so on. You are certain that when they leave you they will say "addoo" for *adieu*, or *eau reservoir* for *au revoir*. It is a very contagious trick, this kind of linguistic grimace, and it is just as offensive to warp words, which are indeed holy things, as if one should be perpetually screwing up the nose or putting out the tongue. Condillac knew how easily the edge of speech is blunted, and declared, in seeming paradox, that by studying to speak accu-

rately one acquired the habit of thinking rightly.

Well, we have passed in review a few who have taken service in the great army of bores; we have sorted them roughly into combatant and non-combatant ranks, noting the various uniforms by which they may be identified, and, taking account in an unprofessional way of their armament, have come to the somewhat Hibernian conclusion that the best way to encounter them is to keep out of their way altogether. It is certain you cannot meet them on equal terms; you may be as intrepid and agile as Lobengula's crack impis; the assegais of your wit may be of perfect edge and temper; but you have no armor that will protect you from the merciless fire of their Maxim guns. Study to keep out of range. "How can I do that, Mr. Philosopher?" complains one; "my *wife* is the greatest bore I know."

"Is she indeed, sir? Then you have no one but yourself to blame. It is your own fault."

"Oh, but I assure you that is not so. When I married her, twenty years ago, she was the sweetest and brightest girl in the country, and so sympathetic."

"Precisely; she sympathized with all your projects, listened to all your long stories, gave up all her own little schemes; and how did you requite her? You were rude to some of her old friends because they did not happen to suit you; you sulked because she said long walks round the home farm tired her; and music being her ruling passion, you told her you would not have those greasy, long-haired fiddler fellows in your house any more. Morning callers are not, as a class, a very lively lot, yet day after day you left her to receive them, while you went off to your club, or your House of Commons, or your match at Lord's. Poor thing, she played her hand to yours as long as the cards held out, but you would not respond; it is not her fault if the rubber ends in failure. What united strength you might have shown if you had bestowed a thought upon the suits in which she was strong, and been at

half the pains to draw them out which she was at to support you! It is *you* that have made her a bore, by neglecting or repressing every independent idea she possessed. Bores are made, not born; and if a man finds his wife a bore, rely upon it she is one of his own creation."

There remains one other variety of bore to be alluded to, and it is one that peculiarly abounds in, if indeed it be not the product of, the present day. This is the earnest-eyed, intense being whose normal mood is to ordinary human nature what Mr. Burne-Jones's dingy-lipped, jointless maidens are to the glorious women whom the Venetian painters loved to limn. It exists of both sexes, and may be known by its talk, though capable of sustained spells of studied silence. This talk is at once confident and plaintive, reproachful and consciously meek, enigmatic and surpassingly simple. On the whole, it wears a mournful, inquiring, rather languid air; it is intended to give the impression that the talker is always in quest of the hidden meaning of everyday aspects—a kind of mental pin-hunting; but when least expected it wakes up and pours forth its soul with astonishing earnestness on such subjects as affinity, thought-reading, art (of the post-pre-Raphaelite school), and poetry (of the fleshly school). It is not easily moved to laughter, except by what it sees ludicrous in the Christian religion, and then it is not laughter of a nice sort, not such as it does one good to hear among young people. For, strange to say, this class of bores consists as yet mainly of people comparatively young. You shall find them in the best houses—at least in houses where the cookery is of the best; for, loftily as these superior beings stand towards material pleasures, there is a notable vein of sensuousness through them all.

This is, of all others, the most irredeemable kind of bore. How can one put up with a creature that is continually posing as one of a select school, who never for a single instant forgets

that he has a part to play, or lets you forget how immeasurably you are his inferior? What! the world is old, but is it to learn not to laugh? Is any human being helped through his troubles by others refusing to be frankly grateful for what beauty is around them and what mirth may be had? Are these yearning, discontented souls to sit like spectres at our board, shaming us out of the belief that it is good to be young, strong, healthy, happy, and hungry; that wisdom and dainty pleasure died with the invention of return-tickets; and that all that can be saved is reserved to a handful of sad-eyed, sallow-cheeked disciples of Schopenhauer? No; our course is clear; rather than suffer this posing handful of modern bores to interrupt one ray the blessed sun may shed across our path, we will accept and glory in the damaging title of Philistine; we will even run the risk of some prophet arising to revile us as "Dead-Sea apes."

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE STORY OF MARGREDEL:

BEING A FIRESIDE HISTORY OF A
FIFESHIRE FAMILY.

CHAPTER XII.

It is lucky for the poor devil with a story to tell that he has a "Hey! presto!" that can wing leaden heels. "Hey! presto!" then; and in less time than is allowed us to blot out day in night and the young moon in Margrédel's shadow, we fly backwards in time and seawards in space to the narrow house next the old High Street mansion. A few deft passes of the magic wand in the hand of the true magician, and dry bones may live. Shall we venture?

Begin with the parts of lead; the gold should be found later. Feet in immaculate leather, like all French feet; long, straight limbs; shoulders which seem to have started on life with a knapsack which gravity drew to its centre, and was now sunk into the shoulder-blades to bend them; a moustache which would look *militaire* but

for the beard beneath it—both grizzled in life's service; a long nose, with round, open nostrils which make the eyes look small; the eyes themselves are keen, yet should be happy but for the inward reflection of care. Ah! the weight between the professor's shoulder-blades is a load on the heart—the half of Margrédel's history. Think of the other half which Douglas knows—our story. If these two come together they will coalesce—that is climax—with such friction and flame as is in the nature of the elements. For such a combination you must prepare yourself.

Thrift Hetherwick, out in the garden pulling a dish of radishes for her master's breakfast, sees at the half-open window of the professor's house a plate or two and a cup, and the professor himself bent near them. "Coffee," she said to herself, with true housewife's instinct guessing the beverage her neighbor loved. Then her fingers itched to get at the cups; for Thrift had not much faith in what men can do, even an old soldier; less faith than most women, because of her Snooks experience—for had not Snooks obeyed her mother? Wull had Thrift's reflections served up with the radishes for breakfast. If you have not forgotten Marjory altogether, you will recall her habit of deploying. Thrift preferred to take the position with a rush.

As she waited on him, she wished to know if Wull could wash dishes? He thought he could. Thrift snuffed the air—once, to show her contempt of the result, and a second time at man's inherent vanity. She got nearer the raw by asking him if he would like to have the neighbors see him at it. I suppose it must be nearer the raw, for I have known men who cooked their food and did their own washing in the bush, yet raised their eyes, when they returned to civilization, on a man who brushed his own boots.

"What the devil are you driving at?" Wull exclaimed, thereby showing that she had him.

"Just this, Maister William, that that Frenchman washes his—as I seed

mysel' this morning. That comes o' Margrédel galavanting to Eden Braes. And as it's us," ("us," remark you) "that's taken her there, the least we could do would be to offer him a hand."

"I?" said Wull irritatingly. "Was that why you asked if I could wash?"

"Me? Ye ken fine," she said.

"I ken you and him's great friends."

He referred to certain passages between the professor and Thrift, on the subject of mutual washing-houses, and suchlike.

"A dorty deevil," she said, with a toss of her head. "Banged his window when he saw me looking at him."

Wull gave a deprecatory shrug to his shoulders. The professor was an occasional guest of the house now.

"And then, you see," he said, "if he didn't like you to look at him, how would he relish your offer to —"

"Oh! he was maybe goin' to shut the window ony way, ye ken," she explained.

"Ah, Thrift, Thrift, you are your father's daughter in the use of that polish wherewith he adorns his tales," Wull said, smiling. "Still, in any case, you could only hurt his feelings by speaking to 'm."

"Ye canna tak' the breeks aff a Hielantman," snapped up Thrift. It was an impolitic and forcible expression of her scepticism at "furrin fowk" having feelings to hurt. "It's no him," she proceeded. "But he's Margrédel's uncle — reputit — and Jean's freend. It was the lassie I wis thinkin' o'."

"If the lassie's like most women, she might resent the interference. It might hurt her feelings, too. That is, if she has any. She's French too, of course?"

"Of course?" said Thrift. "Then ye ken mair nor maist fowk."

"You might do Monsieur Malbert a greater service than washing his breakfast dishes if ye kept his name and reputation cleaner," Wull said sternly, and sent Thrift away sorrowful; for Thrift had a large circle of acquaintance.

The morning's conversation bore fruit in the afternoon, however, inasmuch as Wull, remembering it when he chanced to meet the grizzled old teacher, thought it would be only neighborly to ask him to dine.

He felt lonely now with the nights creeping in a bit, he said to the professor. Did not Mr. Malbert feel so too, with Margrédel away? By the way, had he heard from her? It was strange how we miss young faces. And wouldn't he come in and have dinner with him, and a throw of the dice after it? He would consider it a charity if he did so, Wull assured him.

After dinner had mellowed his guest somewhat, Wull said that he must come often while his niece was away; and the old port—Douglas's port, a special brand—was eloquent with the same invitation.

"*Vin d'Oporto. Bien!*" Monsieur said.

"1813. The year of Leipzig," his host replied. "I remember it because my brother sailed away in that year."

"And I," replied the other, and pulled up his sleeve, showing the cicatrix over an old sabre-wound.

"An honorable wound," said Wull, bowing over his wine. "We drink to continued peace."

But the professor put down his glass.

"Honorable!" he said excitedly.

"Eye to eye, sword to sword, you kill me, I kill you. Yes. I had him through the body for that," he added grimly, pointing to the scar. "But to give up the sword in the enemy's country, to eat his meat and drink his wine, and all the time the stab—here," laying his hand on his heart. "*Infamie!*"

Wull thought he referred to his Penicuik days, and said, "My brother shared your fate—not in battle, but on the sea—and France gave him bread and wine. So the account's squared. He had nothing but good words for your country when he came home at last."

"And those at home?" asked the professor. "They lived to welcome him?"

An angry flush streaked Wull's cheek.

"You have heard the story?" he said stiffly.

Monsieur shook his head.

"His father—my father died the day he returned."

"In his arms?" said Monsieur.

"In his arms," replied Wull uneasily.

"Call you that squaring the accounts? I too left behind me—a father? Thank God, no. A sister. I see her sunny face under the pear-trees, and the blue and velvet cap and the kerchief I gave her on her holiday. She lived in my heart all the weary days at Penicuik. I return. Bah! Why do I speak of it? I never see her more; but she lives here," laying his hand on his heart. "When I die," he went on slowly, "they will lay me with my comrades across the Firth at Valleyfield. It will be French soil at least. I wish this had been the end," rolling his sleeve down over his scar.

"Margrédél," said Wull softly.

"Ten thousand devils! What do you know of Margrédél?" cried the professor, jumping with keen, angry, scared eyes to his feet.

"You mustn't speak so when you've got Margrédél," Wull said; for he guessed the story now, or something of it.

"Ah! yes! Margrédél," the professor said in a subdued voice, and sat long in silence.

A fuller revelation of the Frenchman came to Wull a few evenings later. The professor had come in unbidden, and began to talk of Jean and Margrédél. He spoke, too, of Douglas; and Wull produced the dice-board, and with an inward smile the *vin d'Oporto*. Game after game they played, and nothing was heard during them save the two men's voices quoting the throws they made so merrily, and the clatter of the pieces as they arranged them. And as they set the board afresh between the games, they sipped their wine as if life had no greater problems in store for them than those which the dice should present.

By and by the professor, in his excitement, dropped one of his men, which rolled to the fireplace. He got down on his knees to find it. What did he see, while down there, that he should rise with such a face? It was ashy white. His nostrils quivered, and the little eyes shone with a look of fear and craft and triumph.

"It is nothing; it will pass," he said, in reply to the other's anxious looks.

All the while he was itching to be upon his knees again, and his brain was busy for an excuse to get his host from the room.

"A little water," he said. But as Wull was going to ring for it, "Never mind," he added. "Fresh air—I will go. But, meanwhile, I was to have asked you for a book, a copy of 'Hamlet,' which Margrédél had. I wish to see it. A passage I would remember."

It was not in the room, and to find it Wull Oliphant had to leave the professor. Before the door was shut upon him, Monsieur Malbert had kicked the dull embers into a glow, and bent towards them. The fresh flame lit up the old mantelpiece.

"*Sacré!*" He had not been mistaken. *Margrédél Malbert*. In ragged letters his sister's name was cut on the under side of the low mantelshelf, throwing up the letters before his excited eyes. That sister's face as he had remembered it through long years was before him. Was it to be revenged at last? Were the waking dreams of half a lifetime now to be fulfilled? When? Here in the house whose meat and drink he partook of. He rose to his feet and dashed his wineglass into the flame. His head was in a swirl. There were footsteps in the room above. They roused him. He stooped to see the name again. His wine had drowned the flame, and it was dark under the shelf; but he could feel the letters. He was on his knees, his long, thin fingers impressed upon them. And there on his knees he prayed for revenge. How little did Douglas Oliphant dream when, in an idle hour eighteen years ago, he cut an

old love's name upon his mantelsheff, that it should rise up a record against him and his!

When Wull returned, Monsieur Malbert was on the floor in front of the fire. Wull raised him to his feet, and tried to persuade him to remain under his roof for the night. Monsieur would not hear of it. He staggered to the lobby, and his host assisted him down the stair, without a word. At that dark bend Wull's mind went to Douglas and Eden Braes and Margrédel.

"Wouldn't you be better to have Margrédel with you?" he said, looking at the tottering figure at his side.

Margrédel! The professor hadn't thought of that; and it flashed a new horror through him to think of her living under an Oliphant's roof.

"Yes," he cried. "How can it be done?"

"They might post," Willy said.

"I will go for her," the other said.

"You!" cried Willy, and he believed now that his companion's head was turned. He calmed him, and persuaded him that he must wait till morning. So they issued on the street, and walked to the professor's door.

There Wull bade him good-night. The professor drew himself up.

"I have to thank you for your courtesy," he said. "You—your family are the only persons who have been kind to us in our exile. O God, that it should have been you!" he burst out, burying his face in his hands. Wull would have spoken, but the professor waved him off. "Leave me," he said, and there was no gainsaying. Wull turned to his own door. He stood on the narrow pavement, fearful lest Monsieur should be seized afresh, but he heard his neighbor's door shut. He was left alone in the street, where the cold night air was creeping up the wynds from the sea.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE left Margrédel flying from Jean's disloyal lover. When she reached Eden Braes she found Marg'et Hetherwick very voluble in the hall.

Rab had been to Kirkcaldy during the day, which was that following the professor's discovery, and had made a new acquaintance. He was accosted in the High Street (as he explained to Marg'et on his return) by a gentleman, who asked him if he were the carrier who called at Eden Braes; for, if so, he wished him to carry a letter to Miss Margrédel English there.

Marg'et scented a piece of gallantry at once, and said "Sweetheart."

"Maybe," replied Rab coolly; "at any rate—to explain to you—I speered at him, Was he the ledly's faither? Then he telt me his name was Mounseer Malbert, her uncle. Mounseer," he went on—being on the top of his cart, and therefore able to afford to add fuel to Marg'et's indignation—"Mounseer is the French for maister—a thing an ignorant woman like you's no' expect'd to know. He's a silly body to be an auld sodger, as they tell me. There wouldna be much left o' him if some o' oor lads cam' to grips with him. The resurrectionists wouldna gie ae copeck for his body. But he has an e'e like a hawk. When I speered at 'm, Was he the ledly's faither? he looked me straight atween the e'en till I felt to mysel', 'He may be a puir body, Rab, my man, but he's got at your moral vitals onwyey.'"

"Ay, man. Is he a merrit man?" Marg'et asked.

"That was a topic we didna touch on, like," her good man replied slowly, cocking the eye farthest from Marg'et till his whole face was screwed, "else we micht ha' drawn better; for it's brithers in infirmity the text speaks o'."

Marg'et was retreating towards her door before she answered, so that she might claim the last word. But Rab continued,—

"Pit on yer shawl, Marg'et, 'oman, an' tak' the letter up to the Hoose." Business was business with both the honest carrier and his wife, and their bickerings were indeed in the nature of a luxury. Marg'et discarded her well-worn stratagem and returned for the letter.

"It's mighty partic'," Rab said, as he handed it to her, "and's to be gien to Miss Margrédél — personally."

So Marg'et wrapped herself in her shawl, and wended her way along the river-bank towards Eden Braes. But hearing voices near the old mill, she struck in among the bushes, unable to resist the temptation to pry. She recognized the figure of the captain, and, in the waning light, mistook Margrédél for Jean, and with a human chuckle made for the house.

"Miss Margrédél is out," the servant said in reply to her inquiries, but she invited her into the hall, where, indeed, Marg'et, from privileged custom, would have gone unbidden. "And I'll ask Miss Jean to speak to you," the servant added.

"Ye needna fash. It's mighty partic' private business," said Marg'et, using Rab's words to express her own self-importance. "What's mair, I'm thinkin' Miss Jean's better occipied," she added, with a knowing look that might prelude further information.

This was checked, however, by Jean's appearance.

"Oh, it's you, Marg'et?" she said. "I thought it was Margrédél returned."

Marg'et was dumfounded. You could have knocked her down with your little finger, as she told Rab afterwards.

"Did I no' pass you at the waterside i' noo?" she cried.

"You certainly did not, Marg'et," said Jean. "I've been with mother all night." Marg'et was in doubt whether to disbelieve her eyes or Jean's word.

"Would it not be Margrédél you saw?" Jean then said.

Marg'et gasped.

"We are considered like one another."

Marg'et knew it, and knew now that it was Margrédél whom she had seen. The inquisitive old woman could see as far through a stone wall as most folks; the meaning of Margrédél being in Jean's place beside the captain flashed through her mind clearly enough. And when there was a step on the gravel outside and Margrédél

entered, was it unnatural that the loyal old woman, whose life had been spent near Eden Braes, whose daughter had nursed Jean, as she herself had nursed Jean's mother, should feel the springs of hate welling up within her against the foreign beauty?

Margrédél's large eyes glowed like coals. She looked a little surprised at the group in the hall. Perhaps unconsciously she read enmity in Marg'et's face. At any rate, she marched to where Jean stood. Jean took her arm and leant her head upon her shoulder, not knowing why she loved her friend so.

"Here's Marg'et passed you on the road," she said, "and mistook you for me."

Marg'et interpreted the glint of fire in Margrédél's eye, the suppressed quiver of her lip, as terror of discovery, and more and more longed to crush her.

"I cam' wi' a message for you," she said, eying her fiercely.

"What is it?" Margrédél said calmly, recognizing an enemy now. Her heart was beating.

"From Kirkcaldy."

"A low cry burst from Margrédél's lips. "Uncle!"

"Ay. Your uncle gave it to my man himsel'."

"Ah!" Margrédél gave a sigh of relief. Her uncle himself gave it to Rab. "What is it, then?"

"It's private," Marg'et said dourly.

"Oh," Jean said, "I will leave you." Margrédél tightened her arm, but Jean withdrew hers, whispering, "There's nothing wrong. It's her way; humor her;" and crying a "Good-night, Marg'et," went up-stairs.

"What message have you for me? What is it you wish with me?" Margrédél asked, going straight to the heart of Marg'et's conduct.

They were two dauntless women who stood face to face in the hall of Eden Braes, and in other circumstances they would have respected each other. But loyalty to Jean blinded the eyes of one of them, while the other's heart was filled with its own bitterness.

"It's a letter to you," Marg'et said, handing it to her. In face of the girl's courage, she refused, for a second, the proffered battle.

Margrédél broke the seal, saying, "Have you no verbal message, then?" and read her uncle's request that she should come home at once, as he had not been well.

Such news could not startle her tonight. She rather rejoiced that such a command should have arrived now, to take her from Eden Braes.

"Have you no further message? Is this all?"

"It's high time you were back at Kirkcaldy."

"Why! why!" cried Margrédél, thinking of her uncle again. But when she said, "I am going back to-morrow. My uncle bids me," a look in Marg'et's face checked her fears about her uncle, and forced her back to her own battle. "How do you speak in this way to me?" she said, with the old set face.

Margrédél's heat reacted on Marg'et's temper.

"Maybe I shouldna, but there's them that should — and wull, my lady. D'ye think I didna see ye the nicht? D'ye think I didna ken wha ye were wi' at auld Eden's mill? Does she ken? D'ye tell Miss Jean wha's company it is ye leave hers for? And ye ha'e the face to tak' her airm here — hers, the simple lassie; hers, under her ain roof whaur you're bidin', and a' the time stealin' her sweetheart from her!"

Margrédél had not yet separated herself from the awful wrong Frank Hill had done to Jean. It was Jean, with her love, her simplicity, that she had thought of, and Marg'et's words stung her. But they stung her also to a new sense of the wrong done to herself. Marg'et represented the world and its calumny.

"Stop! It is not true. Oh! believe me, it is not true. Oh! why should I have to listen to all this?"

"Margrédél! My dear Margrédél!"

Jean's voice could be heard on the stair.

Not a tear had wet Margrédél's cheek as she paced the garden after she fled from Frank. She had but tried to still her beating heart. At the thought of her being mistaken for Jean, her lip had quivered with the pity of it that Jean should not have held her place under the mill. With Jean's words in her ears, and her arm round her, Margrédél's proud heart overflowed.

"Oh, Jean! Jean!" she cried. "Speak to her. Send her away."

"She's deceivin' ye, miss," Marg'et said stolidly. She's not to be lippened to."

Jean felt the wild sobs in her arms. She felt Margrédél clasp her tighter, as if she would say, "Do not believe her. I have you that love me, at least."

"Go away home, Marg'et Hetherwick," Jean said.

"I'm tellin' ye, miss," the old woman interrupted, "I saw her with Captain —"

Once more the clasp grew tighter.

"Go!" cried Jean; "I will not listen. Not another word. How dare you treat my friend so?"

"Come, Margrédél," she went on gently. "Come to my room, dearest;" and without further word she led off Margrédél, and left Marg'et to find her way out herself.

Can you wonder that Marg'et went out to Kemback in revolt against Jean, for whose sake she hated Margrédél; or that she painted the French girl's conduct black as night when she told Rab all that she had seen and heard?

"The hussey daured me," she said, "and denied what my ain e'en saw. And Miss Jean cam', who's as nat'ral as a peat, and took her awa'."

I cannot blame Marg'et, pity as I may the two girls who, even as she spake, were opening their hearts with all their sorrows, to each other. Men find the road of duty lying over their neighbors' hearts; that is the way the world is made.

From Temple Bar.

THE GAUCHOS AT HOME.

THE half-wild Gauchos of the South-American Pampas are little known and less cared for. Since the late Sir Francis Head, three-quarters of a century ago, rode, hunted, lived among, and described this strange race, of mingled Spanish and Indian blood, few have troubled themselves to study their character, and fewer still to present them fairly to the world. As it is never too late to mend, it may be that, now that a drove of Pampas-bred horses, attended by their Gaucho masters have been imported into England by a Metropolitan Tramcar Company, and located at Shepperton, some *blasé* Londoners may desire to know who and what manner of men these are.

It is not easy to conceive of a freer, wilder life than that which is enjoyed by the Gaucho. From the mouth of the Rio de la Plata to the scrub-covered foot-hills of the Andes, a boundless expanse of earth, one immense garden of palms, blooming cacti, gigantic thistles, fragrant clover, and gorgeously hued flowers belong to him, and he is the indisputable monarch of all he surveys. No other people in the world possess such a country as belongs to this Centaur of the Pampas; owing no allegiance to any power, with a soft sky overhead, and around an atmosphere so dry that it breeds no malaria, he is probably the happiest man on earth.

The Gauchos are handsome, well-developed men; possessing capacious chests, strong, muscular limbs, erect figures, with shoulders well thrown back, with a marked hollow in the loins due to their firm seat on horseback, and the constant use of lasso and bolas. Any tendency to a weakness of the lower limbs, which it might be supposed a constant life on horseback would develop, is counteracted by an inordinate indulgence in dancing, of which they are exceedingly fond. The men have deep, husky voices, the laugh being unpleasantly harsh and guttural; whereas the women usually speak in a shrill falsetto. That which first

impresses a European, upon making acquaintance with them, is their extraordinary long-sightedness, clearness of vision, and the faculty of grasping in a moment every salient feature in a country, which to strangers seems singularly devoid of landmarks. This depends probably upon a habit of observation, which has been practised since childhood, of minute features in the landscape, aided by intimate acquaintance with the motions of the heavenly bodies and the direction of the wind. A Gaucho cannot be lost; while he will perceive an object long before it becomes visible to strangers, and, while it is still to them a mere speck in the distance, he will tell whether it is man, horse, ox, or vulture. He needs only to look carefully for a little time at a drove of horses, when, although it may comprise hundreds of animals, he will at any time recognize them later, even if many miles distant.

The Gaucho, living almost constantly in the open air, is a stranger to home in our sense of the word. His rancho, whether constructed of sticks and mud or of brick, has a strangely unattractive appearance; standing, as it invariably does, on the summit of a low ridge beside the indispensable corral, and having attached to it a small shed, formed of a few uprights roofed in with sticks and grass, and intended for tied-up horses. The rancho is usually half in ruins, as the sun and wind cause the mud to crack and fall away; and when winter comes it is roughly patched with a mixture of mud and manure, or covered with hides to shield the inmates from frost and the dreaded *pampero*.

In summer, when the ranchos are infested with fleas and *binchucas*—a species of bug, which rivals a cockroach in size and nastiness—the family camps out upon the grass. Then, when a belated traveller arrives, he places his saddle upon the ground, and disposes himself to sleep beside the slumberer most suited to his roving fancy. Beneath the light of the pale, glimmering stars there is nothing to assist his judgment but an exposed

assortment of bare feet and ankles ; but he generally manages to dream beside a belle, and to avoid the charms of an aged crone. In winter, when the fierce storms force the hardiest to draw their ponchos around them, the uninviting hut becomes the sleeping chamber. It is not surprising that this freedom of manners leads to such dissoluteness of life that it is a wise child that knows its own father.

The education of the Gaucho, born in the heart of magnificent scenery and of sordid surroundings, begins very early. As soon as he sees the light of day he is left to swing from the roof in a comically constructed cradle of bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn together by means of thongs ; his principal toy being a sharp knife, upwards of a foot long. He takes his first lessons in horsemanship almost before he is able to walk, and, while yet a toddling boy of the age of three years, swings lasso and bolas as if to the manner born. His earliest essays are upon the hens ; from these he rises to dogs, which cunningly baffle his efforts by lying down. As he grows older and stronger he tries his 'prentice hand upon colts and calves ; until at length the day arrives when, superbly mounted, he can check the furious bull in mad career, or upon foot lassos the terrified horse by whatever leg he may prefer as it gallops madly from the corral. During these years of infancy and boyhood he has been learning to kill, cut up, and cook sheep and oxen deftly ; and to save the cost of a saddler by making his own horse's harness out of raw hides ; so that, being well equipped at all points, his education is complete.

As his dietary is simple, so his cooking is elementary in its character. As a rule he eats only once in the day, towards sunset ; when, journeys or toil being ended, supper, consisting of a thin piece of meat, is roasted upon a spit of iron or wood stuck slantingly over a quick fire. If this should be in winter, all sit around on the skeletons of horses' heads, and with their long knives or facons (falchions) cut lumps

from the haunch. This, being held in the left hand by one end, is seized with the teeth at the other, and a tempting tit-bit is skilfully cut off. The hard, dry meat, deficient in fatty constituents, is washed down by copious draughts of maté, made from the favorite yerba. The hut, dimly lighted by a lamp in which bullock's tallow is burnt, bears some resemblance to a stable, from the bridles, saddles, spurs, bolas, and lassos which decorate the roughly daubed walls. If the Gaucho happens to be a family man, fat, black-eyed, good-natured, nearly naked children indulge in antics during the meal, while the poultry wink drowsily from their perches. No wayfarer is turned from the door, for the hand and heart of the child of the Pampas is ever open to the stranger ; and the arrival of such is made a convenient excuse for bringing out the caña, a coarse spirit, which has perhaps been provocative of more evil than anything else which he can call his own. Watermelons are sparingly partaken of in their season, but these are almost the only vegetables the wild horseman cares for.

The Gaucho has few occupations ; agriculture and horticulture are unknown, or at least neglected, while his only manufacture which is deserving of the name is that of cutting and plaiting raw hide into harness. This he does with considerable skill, often finishing and ornamenting the various articles with solid silver. Since the introduction of sheep, although mutton is despised as food, being considered inferior to beef, the poorer Gauchos, the ordinary peons who assist in the management of cattle, have given some attention to shepherding. When not driving the herds of cattle to the saladeros at the shipping stations, or being employed by carreteros to serve as picadors in the wagon-train, or scouring the Pampas in quest of strayed oxen, if they happen to lack money for the pulperia they will condescend to look at the sheep. Occasionally, however, the owner of extensive flocks is beset by clamorous applicants for work. The reason of

this is that it affords protection from being pressed for the army, peons and unsettled homeless men being usually the first to be forced into the service. Again at shearing time the high wages paid prove a great attraction. It is then one learns how great patience is possessed by the sheep which before her shearers is dumb; for the peon shearers, male and female alike, do their work roughly and cruelly, not caring whether it is wool or skin which they cut away. The sheds ring from morning until nightfall for the *medico*, by which name they dignify the tar-boy, whose special business it is to smear the wounds of the luckless animals. This operation is absolutely necessary in a country where insect life is so abundant. Necessity, not choice, compels the Gaucho to resort to these occupations. He cares for nothing in which his horse does not play a part, and, like all who fall victims to the attractions of either horse or dog, he prefers an irregular, unsettled life. The purest Gaucho is the man who says, with pride, *Mi casa es mi caballo y recado*—my house is my horse and my saddle. It is even said that a Gaucho has been seen trying to build a haystack by riding up to the summit of an incline of hay, towing behind him a bundle of newly mown hay tied together by means of his lasso.

The leader among these men is the cattle puestero. If such an one owns a large and valuable herd, he will ride after his animals, for he knows every trail of the Pampas, attired in a white shirt, wide, handsomely laced trousers, a rich and costly poncho over his square shoulders, boots of polished leather graced with enormous jingling silver spurs, and wide-brimmed hat, holding in his hand a rebenque, or cattle-whip, a truly formidable weapon made of cowhide, with a handle of solid silver. Armed with this weapon he will bring the fiercest bull to his senses, and even contend successfully with the American lion. Those who have not yet attained to this enviable pitch of wealth, wander around selling their services, doing odd jobs, making

the saddle their pillow, and sleeping for weeks together in the open air, beneath the inseparable poncho and the glittering stars. The time will come when they, too, will own cattle, silver spurs, and embroidered trousers; unless their inveterate passion for gambling keeps them poor.

Gambling is the Gaucho's besetting sin, and nearly all his sports partake, more or less, of a gambling nature. The favorite game is that of throwing the "tabu." This is one of the small bones taken from the skeleton of a horse, and is not altogether unlike our game of pitch and toss, the contestant winning or losing according to which ever side falls uppermost. It is carried on by two men, who stand a few yards apart and throw it alternately, a crowd of bystanders betting excitedly upon the event, and is frequently continued for days and even weeks. Monté is another favorite game. The Gauchos will sit squatted upon their haunches, on the ground, from sunrise until sunset, engaged therein; each man, with a knife at his side, closely watching his neighbor and antagonist, as a preventive of cheating. While this continues he is so absorbed that neither work, home, nor health has the smallest claim upon him. Then farewell to every prospect, for he plays until money, steed, accoutrements, poncho, and everything, save the shirt he wears, changes hands.

The endurance of these hardy horsemen is nowhere more forcibly displayed than in their love of amusement; their devotion to pleasure is really extraordinary. After riding thirty leagues in the day, or branding savage, unruly cattle from sunrise to sunset, without having partaken of a mouthful of food, the young Gaucho will array himself in all his bravery and ride off to some distant, lonely pulperia, or wine-shop, where he will make merry with his friends. Here music and dancing are always on the programme, the one instrument being the guitar, upon which a few bars, constantly repeated, may be strummed for hours with scarcely the slightest variation. The songs are

almost always in praise of the lovely señoritas, who, however, as obdurate as are our English maidens, require much serenading before their charms can be subdued. The dancing consists principally of slow polkas or waltzes, to some tune of only two or three bars repeated without intermission. There are frequent simultaneous brief pauses, then the partners will set to each other, the men accurately keeping time by snapping their fingers, and the whole company perform a figure, after which the dreamy exercise is resumed with a change of partners. Both men and women dance with ease and grace, gliding smoothly through the figures; the slow time giving opportunity for those graceful movements of body and limb which constitute the principal charm of the Terpsichorean art. Now and again a regular rhythmic stamping with the feet, heard above the tinkling of the guitar, helps to express the feelings of those who are taking part in the enjoyable exercise. Occasionally at these gatherings two male songsters, desirous to shine before the black eyes of their respective señoritas, will engage in an improvisatorial contest to the strains of the everlasting guitar. The crowd, expecting fun, and possibly mischief, cluster round by the wall, and the rivals commence. Passage succeeds passage alternately from the two, the spectators vigorously applauding every hit, especially if at all humorous or sarcastic. Both men are supplied with caña, and as the spirit mounts into the head additional words are huddled into a line, until, at length, one swept along by his feelings and rendered reckless by applause exceeds the bounds of politeness in his utterances. This provokes angry retort, and sally follows sally, and taunt treads upon the heels of taunt, amid laughter and mockery, until knives are drawn; and soon a dead man, the only son of his mother it may be, is carried out; and a horse is led across the Pampas, under the midnight sky, bearing a corpse dressed in blood-stained embroidered garments. Then they bury him, no man inquiring why.

The love of bloodshed seems inherent, for even boys will draw the facon upon the slightest provocation; and, as the throat and abdomen are the parts which are generally aimed at, the wounds are usually mortal. Murders and homicides cause little or no emotion. The man who respectfully salutes the stranger is more likely than not a hero who has cut many throats. It is believed that upwards of one-third of the young Gauchos die a violent death. There can be no doubt but that this disregard for the sanctity of human life is largely due to the constant disturbances which are fatal to the prosperity of the South American republics. The Gauchos are the wretched shuttlecocks which are bandied about by the battledores of rival politicians. The selfish adventurers who may succeed in grasping, for a few brief, bloody months, the reins of what passes for power, find among them the rough material for an army. It is a matter of chance to what party the wild horseman may be compelled to attach himself; but, having joined one, he becomes forthwith involved in continual blood feuds which constitute an unending vendetta. The recklessness which this engenders becomes such a second nature that he grows cruel from a sheer love of inflicting pain, or callousness to the sight of suffering. From his infancy he has used the lasso and bolas, has dragged the agonized animal at a gallop from the terrified herd, laughing as he hamstrung it, and mocking as the *coup de grâce* was given. His later indifference to the value of human life has been but a step in advance from these. Even his horse fails to kindle one spark of affection in his tinsel covered breast, while his dogs, though of value for driving cattle, are only tolerated as watch-dogs and scavengers. The lot of a Constantinople pariah dog is enviable compared with that owned by the Gaucho. As a natural result of the neglect or indifference with which they are treated, they become dangerous to strangers, while their combats among themselves are so desperate that many

are left bleeding or dead upon the ground.

There are times, however, when the Gaucho's love of bloodshed appears to stand him in good stead, for the Indians, infuriated rather than conquered by two centuries and a half of brutal warfare with the Spaniards, will at times swoop down upon the Gaucho ranchos like a pack of red eagles; then the war-whoop rends the night air, the glare of burning stockades lights up the sky, blood flows like water, knife, lance, and firearm is employed against the long lance and deadly arrow of the red man, and should the strong arm of the defender be laid low, women and little ones are ruthlessly massacred. But the barbarian triumph is short-lived. A pursuit is organized, the war note is sounded at every post, and the Indian who falls into the hands of the avengers has a short shrift. At these times the fury of the angry Gaucho throws the cruelty of the savage into the shade, and the scalps of the belles of the wigwams in some sort atone for the deaths of his loved ones. While this is to be deplored, it must, in justice to the vengeur, be remembered that residents in Fleet Street or the Strand can have at best but an imperfect conception of what an Indian foray means.

Whatever may be the admixture of blood in the Gaucho, his Spanish origin will so far show itself that, notwithstanding an apparent almost total want of religious or reverential feeling, there is to be found in almost every hut some image or picture which came through the hands of the simple, earnest priests of Mendoza or Cordova. The rudest and wildest will carry their infants for miles across the Pampas, braving every danger, and facing even the justly dreaded pampero, that they may be formally baptized. Yet they disregard the marriage tie. Besides the ordinary dangers incidental to his wild, free mode of life, the roaming Gaucho is exposed to those which are actually created by his own ignorance. A sick man has but a poor chance of recovery. The healing art is largely in the hands

of old crones, who enjoy a clear field for carrying out their heroic methods of treatment. Whatever the malady, the sheet-anchor of these rough-and-ready physicians is some violent purgative or emetic, compounded from native herbs, some of which are highly poisonous. Rheumatic fever is a common complaint, and the favorite remedy for this is to immerse the patient for a quarter of an hour in ice-cold water, notwithstanding that the great majority of the patients die while yet in the bath. The Spanish custom of rejoicing rather than mourning over the death of children is observed, as these are prettily believed to go straight to heaven. The dead are carried across the back of a horse, for burial in consecrated ground, though in remote situations the bodies may be exposed in coffins on the lonely campos, until only the skeletons remain. These may afterwards be kept for a longer or shorter period until some one thinks he will remove them to the most convenient Campo Santo. Here they are deposited in a shallow grave, and, it may even be, scarcely half covered with earth.

Although the Gaucho type cannot be a permanent one, but must be replaced or modified by the advancing wave of civilization — for already more industrious races are pushing him aside — at the hour at which this is written he and his number many thousand souls. He is not wholly bad, this peculiar product of the horse-covered plains. He is, upon the whole, brave, enduring, temperate, hospitable, and faithful to his engagements, and by no means destitute of humor. When all has been said against him that can be said, he does not, at worst, sink to that abysm of degradation and vice which renders the condition of our criminal classes so distressing. And when he has yielded to the exterminating influences which are pressing upon him from all sides, it may be wondered by those who read his history that he possessed so much good as he did, considering the unfavorable vice-charged, lawless, social, moral, and religious conditions under which he had been compelled to live.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE ITALY OF TO-DAY.

CAVALLOTTI has written, in his letter of protest against the arrest of the Sicilian deputy, De Felice, a sentence which deserves to be repeated all over the land ; one of those sentences, *multum in parvo*, which resume a whole situation in a phrase ; he has written : "Invece che del pane si da il piombo." Instead of bread to the suffering and famished multitudes there is offered lead, the lead of rifle bullets and of cannon-balls. That is the only response which has as yet been given to demands which are in the main essentially just. Is the English public aware that the Italian city of Caltanissetta has been, the first week of the year, bombarded by Italian artillery, and that in that town alone six hundred arrests have been made in one day ? If this were taking place in Poland the English public and its press would be convulsed with rage.

The attitude of the press in England towards the present Italian struggle against overwhelming fiscal burdens is so singular that it can only be attributed to one of two things : Bourse interests or German influence. All that is said in the English press concerning Italian affairs is at all times marked by singular ineptitude and inaccuracy ; but at the present crisis it is conspicuous for a resolute and unblushing concealment of facts. The unfortunate flattery which has been poured out on Italy by the German press and Parliament for their emperor's ends, and by the English press and Parliament out of hatred of France, has been taken for Gospel truth by the Quirinale, the Consula, and every deputy and editor from Alps to Etna, and has fed the natural vanity of the Italian disposition, until, in a rude awakening, the whole nation finds itself on the brink of bankruptcy and anarchy.

To all conversant with the true state and real needs of the country ever since the death of Victor Emmanuel, the language of the German and English press and Parliaments has seemed almost insane in its optimism, as it has

been most cruel in its fulsome falsehood. Much of the present woe may be attributed to it ; for if Berlin and London had not taken, or pretended to take, Messer Francesco Crispi for a statesman, it is very possible that that ingenious lawyer might never have dragged his sovereign into the meshes of the Triple Alliance and the Slough of Despond of a bottomless debt. That unintelligent and interested flattery is as injurious to nations as to individuals and gives them vertigo, is a truth too frequently forgotten, or purposely disregarded.

Perhaps one of the oddest and least admirable traits in the public opinion of the latest half of this century is its absolute unconsciousness of its own caprices and inconsequence ; its entire ignorance of how flatly its assertions of to-day contradict those of yesterday and will be contradicted by those of to-morrow. History has accustomed us to such transmutations, and we know that power is potent to turn the insurgent into the reactionist, but certainly the drollest and most picturesque episode in connection with the Sicilian revolution is the arrest of the deputy, De Felice, for inciting to civil war, coupled with the fact that the last deputy arrested for precisely the same cause was Francesco Crispi at the time of Aspromonte ! Yet history, in all its length and breadth, does not furnish us with any droller antithesis than that of Crispi as arrested and Crispi as arrester. The Italian press has contented itself with merely stating the circumstances, and letting them speak for themselves ; the European press does not appear even to be aware of them. For the European press, with the exception of the French, the Crispi of Aspromonte is dead and buried, as the Crispi of Montecitorio and the Quirinale would desire that he should be. The prostration of the English press in especial before the latter is infinitely comical to those who know the real career of the fortunate Sicilian notary who began life as a penniless republican, and is ending it as a plutocrat, a reactionist, and a Knight of the

Order of the Association. It is probable that Europe on the whole knows but little of the Crispi of Aspromonte ; it is possible that De Felice and his friends will cause it to know more. Falstaff abjuring cakes and ale, and putting two mirthful roysterers in the pillory, would present the only companion picture worthy of comparison with the Crispi of Montecitorio gravely defending the seizure of the leader of the Fasci on the score that the offence of the latter is *lesa alla patria*. Why is revolutionary effort in '63 and '64 treason to the country when revolutionary effort in '59 and '48 was, we are taught by all Italian text-books, the most admirable patriotism ? It is a plain question which will never be honored by an answer. Crispi of Montecitorio does not condescend to reason ; he finds it easier to use cannon and bayonets, as they were used against that Crispi of Aspromonte of whom he considers it ill-bred in any one to remind him. Crispi understands the present era ; he knows that it does not punish, or even notice, such inconsistencies, at least when they are the inconsistencies of successful men.

Were the national sense of humor as quick as it was in the days of Pulci and Boiardo this circumstance would be fatal to the dictatorship of the ex-revolutionist.

In the national litany of Italy the chief of gods invoked are Mazzini, Ugo Foscolo, Garibaldi, Manini, and a score of others of the same persuasion, and all the present generation (outside what are termed Black Society and Codini Circles) are reared in religious veneration of such names. Now, it does not matter in the least whether this veneration be well or ill founded, be wise or unwise ; it has been taught to all the present youth and manhood of all liberal-minded Italian families as a duty, a pleasure, and a creed in one. What sense is there in blaming this multitude if they carry out their own principles to a logical conclusion, and refuse to see that the opinions which were noble and heroic in their fathers become treason and crime in them-

selves ? The house of Savoy, by a lucky chance for itself, drew the biggest prize in the lottery of national events in 1859 ; but it was not to place the house of Savoy on the Italian throne that Garibaldi fought, and Mazzini conspired, and a host of heroes died in battle or in exile. To all those whose names are like trumpet-calls to us still, the merging of their ideal of United Italy into a mere royal state must have seemed bathos, must have caused the most cruel and heartbreaking disillusion. They accepted it because at the time, rightly or wrongly, they considered that they could do no less ; but they suffered, as all must suffer who have their high and pure dreams and behold what is called the realization of them in the common clay of ordinary circumstance. No one can pretend that the chief makers of the union of the country were monarchial. They were Red ; and were hunted, imprisoned, exiled, shot for the color of their opinions, precisely in the same manner as the leaders of the Fasci and the deputies of the Extreme Left are being dealt with now. Measures of this kind are excusable in absolute or arbitrary governments, such as Russia or Prussia ; but in a State which owes its very existence to revolutionary forces, they are an anomaly. It is truly the sad and sorry spectacle of the son turning on and strangling the father who begat him.

At the present date Italy is a military tyranny. It is useless to deny the fact. Many parts of the country are in a state of siege, as though actually invaded and conquered ; and although recent events are alleged in excuse for this, it is by no means the first time that the army has been used for the suffocation of all public expression of feeling. Arbitrary and unexplained arrest has always been frequent ; and when the sovereigns visit any city or town the gaols thereof have always been filled on the vigil of the visit with crowds of persons suspected of democratic or dangerous tendencies. A rigid censorship of telegrams has long existed, as inquisitorial as any censorship

of an *ancien régime* ; and at the present moment telegrams from Sicily are absolutely forbidden to be dispatched. Wholesale invasion of the privacy of private houses takes place at the pleasure of the police, and seizure of private letters and papers follows at the caprice of the Questura.

Where is there any pretext of liberty ? In what does the absolutism of 1894 differ from that of the Bourbon, or of the Este-Lorraine ? In what sense can a free Italy be said to exist ? The Gallophobia now so general amongst English political speakers and writers may account for the determination in them to applaud the Italian government, alike when it is wrong as when it is right ; but it is quite certain that, whatever be the motive, the English press has, with very few exceptions, combined to hide from the English public the true circumstances and causes of a revolution which, however to be deplored in its excesses, is not a whit more blamable, or less interesting and excusable, than the other revolutions of Italy which filled England with such delight and sympathy. The kingdom of Italy was created by revolution. As the life of a nation counts, it was but yesterday that Garibaldi's red shirt was pushed through the gates of Stafford House, narrowly escaping being torn to rags by the admiring and enthusiastic crowds of London. To the philosophic observer there is something extremely illogical in the present denunciation of men who are now doing nothing more than Garibaldi did with the applause of Europe and America. To set up statues in every public square to Garibaldi, and imprison Garibaldi Bosco, and charge with high treason De Felice Giuffreda, is a non-sense to which it is difficult to render homage.

It is well known that the king, unconstitutionally, refused to accept the Zanardelli ministry because it would have led to reduction of the army, and, as a necessary consequence, to withdrawal from the German incubus. He is possessed with a mania for German influences ; influences, of all others, the

most fatal to public freedom and political liberty. Nothing in the whole world could have been so injurious to Italy as to fall, as she has done, under the mailed hand of the brutal Prussian example and exactions.

Germany has always been fatal to Italy, and always will be. The costly armaments which have made her penniless are due to Germany. Her army and navy receive annual and insulting inspection by Prussian princes. The time will probably come when German troops will be asked to preserve "social order" in the cities and provinces of Italy. So long as the German alliance continues in its present form, so long will the danger for Italy always exist that, in the event of the Italian army proving insufficient, or unwilling, to quell revolution, the timidity or despotism of Italian rulers may beg the aid of Germany to do so. In the manifesto of the Extreme Left, after the fall of Giolitti, the state of the country was described in language forcible but entirely true.

"Commerce is stagnant, bankruptcy general, savings are seized, small proprietors succumb under fiscal exactions, agriculture languishes, stifled under taxation, emigration is increased in an alarming proportion to the population, the municipalities squander and become penniless ; the country, in taxes of various kinds, pays no less than seventy per cent., *i.e.*, four or five times as much as is paid by rich nations. The material taxable diminishes every day, because production is paralyzed in its most vital parts, and misery has shrunken consumption ; in a word, the whole land is devoured by military exactions and the criminal folly of a policy given over to interests and ambitions which totally ignore the true necessities of the people. The hour is come to cry, 'Hold, enough !' and to oblige the State not to impose burdens, but to make atonement."

There is nothing exaggerated in these statements ; they are strictly moderate, and understate the truth. The Extreme Left may or may not be Socialistic, but in its manifesto it is entirely within

the truth, and describes with moderation a state of national suffering and penury which would render pardonable the greatest violence of language.

The Extreme Left affirms with the strictest truth that its members have never contributed to bring about the present misery, and are in no degree responsible for it. The entire responsibility lies with corrupt administration, and with military tyranny and extravagance. It is not the Social Democrats who have brought back the *Corso Forzoso*, emptied the safes of the banks and the tills of the tradesmen, and have brought about such general bankruptcy that on every silver lira (value, tenpence in English money) a premium has to be paid by the purchaser of twelve centimes (or one penny). The city of Imola, where snow fell heavily in the last week of the year 1893 (that is, a fortnight since), had no money in its public coffers to pay the sweepers of the snow. It applied to its neighbor, Bologna — once Bologna la Grassa — and Bologna lent it five hundred francs in bronze pence at a premium of four centimes on each penny!

How can such facts as these be exaggerated? What exaggeration do they need?

When a people are stripped bare, and reduced to such destitution as this, can it be expected, should it be dreamed that they can keep their souls in patience when fresh taxes threaten them, and the hideous Juggernaut of military expenditure rolls over their ruined lives?

Italians have been too long deluded with the fables of men in office — too long, many years too long, patient under the intolerable exactions laid upon them. It is not only the imperial, but the municipal tyrannies which destroy them; they are between the devil and the deep sea; what the State does not take the Commune seizes. The most onerous and absurd fines await every trifling sin of omission or commission, every insignificant, unimportant, little forgetfulness leads to a penalty ridiculously disproportioned to the trifling offence — a little dust swept on to the

pavement, a dog running loose, a cart left before a door, a guitar played in the street, a siesta taken under a colonnade, a lemon or a melon sold without permit to trade being previously purchased and registered, some infinitesimal trifle — for which the offender is dragged before the police and the municipal clerks, and mulcted in sums of three, five, ten, twenty, or thirty francs. Frequently a fine of two francs is quite enough to ruin the hapless offender. If he cannot pay he goes to prison.

The imperial tax of *ricchezza mobile* is levied on the poorest; often the bed has to be sold or the saucepans pawned to pay it. The pawning institutes are State affairs; their fee is nine per cent., and the goods are liable to be sold in a year. In France the fee is four per cent., and the goods are not liable to be sold for three years. When a poor person has scraped the money together to pay the fees the official (*stimatore*) often declares that the article is more worthless than he thought, and claims a *calo* of from ten to a hundred francs, according to his caprice; if the *calo* be not paid the object is sold, though the nine per cent. for the past year may have been paid on it. The gate-tax, *dazio consumo*, best known to English ears as *octroi*, which has been the especial object of the Sicilian fury, is a curse to the whole land. Nothing can pass the gates of any city or town without paying this odious and inquisitorial impost. Strings of cattle and of carts wait outside from midnight to morning, the poor beasts lying down in the winter mud and summer dust. Half the life of the country people is consumed in this senseless, cruel stoppage and struggle at the gates; a poor old woman cannot take an egg her hen has laid, or a bit of spinning she has done, through the gates without paying for them. The wretched live poultry wait half a day and a whole night cooped up in stifling crates or hung neck downwards in a bunch on a nail; the oxen and calves are kept without food three or four days before their passage through the gates that they

may weigh less when put in the scales. By this insensate method of taxation all the food taken into the cities and towns is deteriorated. The prating and interfering officers of hygiene do not attend to this, the greatest danger of all to health, i.e., inflamed and injured animal and fowl carcasses sent into the markets. The municipalities exact the last centime from their prey; whole families are ruined and disappear through the exactions of their communes, who persist in squeezing what is already drained dry as a bone. The impious and insensate destruction of ancient quarters and noble edifices goes on because the municipal councillors, and engineers, and contractors fatten on it. The cost to the towns is enormous, the damage done is eternal, the debt incurred is incalculable, the loss to art and history immeasurable, but the officials who strut their little hour on the communal stage make their profits, and no one cares a straw how the city, town, or village suffer.

There is a stony hardness of heart in all the upper classes of Italy, with much sentimental language. They are, in truth, hard as nails. What the people may suffer is a matter as utterly indifferent to them as what the animals do. A nobleman, who has been decorated in this new-year list of honors, sold a horse, which had served him thirty years, for fifteen francs! His stablemen begged that it might be allowed to die in peace in its old home, but he refused; the poor old four-footed servant was sold for fifteen francs. The owner is a young man with much scientific prattle on his lips, and has now a ribbon to wear at his buttonhole. Under all the sentimental and suave phrases of which the Italian gentleman is always profuse, there is an intense egotism, a perfectly impenetrable self-love, and indifference to everything outside self, which can scarcely be imagined by those who have not had occasion to bruise themselves against that unyielding stone wall. *Non mi riguarda* (It does not concern me), is the invariable reply by which any appeal to them for sympathy or compas-

sion, whether for man or beast, is met. You may argue with this sort of indifference for hours; you will make no impression whatever upon it.

If such men be at last argued with by pike and torch and dagger, they will have only what they merit. By the light of their flaming palaces and villas they will read, too late, lessons which they have for generations obstinately and cynically refused to learn from gentler teachers.

If the Italian States could have been united like the United States of America, and made strictly neutral like Belgium, their condition would have been much simpler, happier, and less costly. As a monarchy, vanity and display have ruined the country, while the one supreme advantage which she might have enjoyed, that of keeping herself free to remain the courted of all, she has wilfully and stupidly thrown away, by binding herself, hand and foot, almost in vassalage to Prussia. For this, there can be no doubt, unfortunately, that the present king is mainly responsible; and, strange to say, he does not ever seem to be sensible of the magnitude of the evil of his act.

It is as certain as any event which has not happened can be, that nothing of what has now come to pass would have occurred but for the disastrous folly which has made the government of Italy strain to become what is called a great power, and conclude alliances of which the unalterable condition has been a standing army of as vast extent as the expenditure of its maintenance is enormous. There is nothing abnormal in the present ruin of the country, nothing which cannot easily be traced to its cause, nothing which could not have been avoided by prudence, by modesty, and by renunciation. As the pitiful vanity and ambition to reach a higher grade than that which is naturally theirs, beggars private individuals, so the craze to be equal with the largest empire, and to make an equal military and naval display with theirs, has caused a drain of the resources of the country, a pitiless pressure upon the most powerless and hopeless classes,

which have spread misery broadcast over the land.

It might be deplorable, unwise, possibly thankless, if the country dismissed the house of Savoy; but in so doing the country would be wholly within its rights. The act would be in no sense whatever *lesa alla patria*; it might, on the contrary, be decided on, and carried out, through the very truest patriotism. The error of the house of Savoy is the same error as that of the house of Bonaparte; they forget that what has been given by a plebiscite, a later plebiscite has every right and faculty to withdraw. The English nation when it put William of Orange on the throne would have been as entirely within its rights and privileges had it put him down from it. When a sovereign accepts a crown from the vote of a majority, he must in reason admit that another larger and later majority can withdraw it from his keeping. A plebiscite cannot confer divine right. It cannot either confer any inalienable right at all. It is, therefore, entirely illogical and unjust to visit the endeavor and desire to make Italy a republic as a crime of high treason. An Italian has as much right to wish for a republican form of government, and to do what he can to bring it about, as the Americans of the last century had to struggle against the taxation of George III. And if the Casa Savoia be driven from the Quirinale, it will owe this loss of power entirely to its own policy, which has impoverished the nation beyond all endurance. The present king's lamentable and inexplicable infatuation for the German alliance, and all the frightful expenditure and sacrifice to which this fatal alliance has led, have brought the country to its present ruin.

At the moment at which these lines are written the flames of revolution are destroying the public buildings of the city of Bari; before even these lines can be printed who shall say that these flames may not have spread to every town in the Peninsula? Of course, the revolution may be crushed by sheer armed force; but if a reign of terror

paralyze the movement for a while, if a military despotism crush and gag the life out of Palermo and Naples and Rome, as it has been crushed and gagged by similar means in Warsaw and in Moscow, the causes which have led to revolution will continue to exist, and its fires will but die down a while, to break forth in greater fury in a near future. The Crispi of Montecitorio is now busy throwing into prison all over the country a large number of citizens, for doing precisely the same things as the Crispi of Aspromonte did himself or endeavored to do. But in the present age a man may abjure and ignore his own past with impunity. As it is always perfectly useless to refute Mr. Gladstone's statements by quotations from his own earlier utterances, so it would be quite useless to hope to embarrass Avvocato Crispi by any reminder of his own younger and revolutionary self. Renegades always are impervious to sarcasm, and pachydermatous against all reproach.

Crispi is very far from a great man in any sense of those words, *Au pays des aveugles le borgne est roi*, and he has had the supreme good fortune to have outlived all Italian men of eminence. If Cavour and Victor Emmanuel were living still, or even Sella and Minghetti and La Marmora, it is extremely probable that the costly amusement of making Crispi of Aspromonte first minister of the crown would never have been amongst the freaks of fate. He has had "staying power," and so has buried all those who would have kept him in his proper place. It is possible that if he had adhered to his earlier creeds he might have been by this time president of an Italian republic, for his intelligence is keen and versatile, and his audacity is great and elastic. But he has preferred the more prosperous and less glorious career of a minister and a millionaire. He has emerged with amazing *sang-froid* from financial discredit which would have made any other man ashamed to face the social and political worlds; and, *mirabile dictu!* having dragged his king and country into an

abyss of poverty and misery, he is still adored by the one and suffered to dominate over the other.

Successful in the vulgar sense of riches, of decorations, of temporary power, and of overweening court favor, the Sicilian man of law is ; successful in the higher sense of statesmanship, and the consolation of a suffering nation, he never will be. And that he has been permitted to return to power is painful proof of the weakness of will and the moral degradation of the country. There is no great man in Italy at the present hour, no man with the magnetism of Garibaldi, or the intellect of D'Azeglio, or even the rough martial talent of Victor Emmanuel, and in the absence of these the sly, subtle, fox-like lawyers, by whom the country is overrun, come to the front, and add one curse more to the many curses already lying on the head of Leopardi's beloved *Mater Dolorosa*. It is possible that, for want of a man of genius who would be able to gather into one the scattered forces, and fuse them into irresistible might by that magic which genius alone possesses, the cause of liberty will be once more lost in Italy. If such an one do not appear, the present movement, which is not a revolt but a revolution, will probably be trampled out by armed despotism, and the present terror of the ruling classes of Europe before the bugbear of anarchy will be appealed to in justification of the refusal to a ruined people of the reforms and the atonement which they have, with full right, demanded.

AN OBSERVER.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE PORTRAIT OF A MOONSHEE.

"A MOONSHEE wishes for an interview," the messenger said.

"Does he have a chair?"

"He has never been before; but doubtless he does not have one."

"Show him in."

The place was the ancient Hindoo city of Muttra, and the time was early LIVING AGE. VOL. I. 44

November. French windows opened into the garden, and a sweet scent came in from the white, trumpet-shaped flowers of two lofty *Millingtonias* (a genus of *bignonia*) then just in bloom.

A man of middle height entered, rather strongly built, but not portly. He wore on his head a small, compact turban, and was plainly dressed in white, with a dark buckram jacket underneath, for the mornings were fresh. His rosary of a hundred beads hung from his side, tucked into his waistband. He was very modest, too much so indeed, putting a single finger to his lip instead of no, speaking softly, and lifting the hem of his linen coat to his mouth if a smile overtook him. On enquiring into his antecedents, I found that he had been a moonshee to one or two officers, especially to a certain Colonel Allgood, but had lately kept a school with little pecuniary success. And, having heard that the person he was calling upon had a taste for picking up old customs, adages, proverbs, etc., he had paid his visit to enquire whether he could be of any service. The answer was that as Muttra was such a renowned place among the Hindoos, and in the heart of the country especially connected with the myth of Krishna (the district of the twenty-four woods), it seemed advisable to use the opportunity for collecting Hindoo folklore, and it was feared such information would not interest him. He replied that certainly the absurdities of idol-worshippers had not engaged his attention, but in the particular of proverbs he would be able to supply materials, and highly pleased to do so. As it was found he did not want anything, he was asked to take a chair, but shook his head deprecatingly; and, at length, under friendly pressure, sat down cross-legged on the carpet. When his face came thus more completely in view, it was observed that his features were of the modified Afghan type, which indicates some connection with the Islam of foreign origin.

The time at which this intercourse commenced may be roughly designated as before the Mutiny. That tremen-

dous outbreak is still the epoch by which dates are fixed by the illiterate — before the Mutiny or some ten years after the Mutiny, and so on ; and the siege of Bhurtpore in 1826 had, in that part of India previously served a similar purpose. This method of reckoning seems to have been always Oriental. The prophet Amos, when specifying the period of his first divine impulse, says that it was two years before the earthquake.

The moonshee's name was Kumr-ood-Deen, which being interpreted signifies the Moon of the Faith, the faith, that is, of Islam ; and it may be at once admitted that he knew nothing about the religion, literature, or philosophy of his compatriots, the Hindoos ; nor, indeed, was he willing to allow that anything existed among them worth the attention of intelligent students. It seemed useless, therefore, to employ his aid in collecting the information then in view. However, his scale of remuneration was so modest, and his programme of instruction so easy and enticing, that terms were eventually agreed upon, and he took his place in the household as a familiar figure. He was a correct Persian scholar and well versed in the higher Oordoo, but very slightly acquainted with Arabic. He had been taught, however, to read the sacred language aloud, with the proper pronunciation, but without understanding it at all. The blind are often trained to become reciters of the Koran, and will complete it during Ramazan, within a given time. Such practices draw near the prayer-wheel of Thibet.

In mentioning the plan of study proposed by Kumr-ood-Deen, it must not be supposed that its merely dilettante character escaped notice. There is no primrose path to learning ; but the idea rose out of confessions freely made. The disposal of time did not admit of much leisure. First, there was the daily task, next, a curiosity after customs and habits, and lastly a portion of the day distinctly claimed for folly. "Never forget Folly (*Nicht ohne Narrheit*)" had been a motto

adopted from Mr. Merryman in the prologue for the Theatre, with a view to the health both of mind and body.

The moonshee's proposal then was, that he should read certain Oordoo books, almost entirely of a poetical kind, and cull out of them the effective passages. There was to be a short lesson before breakfast, in which the general character of the book should be described with illustrative anecdotes of the writer. The full meaning of the extracts was to be pointed out, and if anything of force or beauty came to light, it was to be copied into a commonplace book. It may be mentioned here that the assistance in proverbs did not come to much ; the selector introduced many which were found to be translations from the Arabic, and more confusing than useful.

Kumr-ood-Deen's curriculum was an effeminate one. The student was to be nurtured on anthology ; no solid food in the diet, only whipped creams. But the old man held his post for years, and the unscholarlike sipping went on too ; and though much was speedily forgotten, some little superficial knowledge must have been attained. Elderly would be a fitter term than old, for my tutor was not fifty when he first appeared ; but his profession of schoolmaster and his shaven head gave him an occasional aspect of gravity befitting a veteran.

It would be out of place to dwell on treasures discovered during the studies, but two brief specimens may be given, where both thought and form appeal in some degree to Western taste. Both, it is believed, are from the pen of Mahommed Ruffee of Lucknow, whose poetical name was Souda, or Madness, and who flourished between 1710 and 1780.

Betimes.

Create, if so you can,
When youth is bright ;
Long is the revel's plan,
And swift the night.

The translation is quite literal ; the following, though a little more free, preserves the refrain exactly.

Transience.

The bubble on the flowing stream
Stays, stays, but does not stay ;
Dew on the rose in morning's beam
Stays, stays, but does not stay.
Ah ! precious life, so thy sweet dream
Stays, stays, but does not stay.

It was soon found that Kumr-ood-Deen had received impressions from the aforesaid Colonel Allgood (the name has been altered) which were never likely to pass away. The moonshree had been a sort of secretary to the colonel *sahib*, and had written letters for him in his pursuit of knowledge, for he was an archæologist especially addicted to old coins. The secretary thought this passion frivolous. There might be interest in the coins of Mahomedan kings, but what money the idol-worshippers may have struck before the coming of Mustapha seemed a matter of profound indifference. It was not, however, the colonel's curiosity which excited admiration, but his firmness, his decision and bravery, above all, his justice.

"He begged a coolie's pardon one day," exclaimed his eulogist, with raised eyebrows, "when he had wrongly accused him through misinformation !"

It has always seemed encouraging to think that the desire of integrity need not perish, that it may drop seed and propagate itself ; and that, perhaps, a good life does as much to consolidate the British power as prowess in arms. It is really true that though the colonel was dead before the call at Muttra, Kumr-ood-Deen guided himself very much by his former patron, and, as shall be shown directly, was kept out of trouble during the Mutiny by the recollection of his character.

News of the studies having spread among the educated curious in the city, visits were paid by Mahomedan officials, pleaders, and others, of whose poetical achievements no suspicion had ever previously existed. Conversation on ordinary topics would proceed, and then suddenly the morning caller would look shy, and with some confusion disclose that he was *Lion*, or *Witness*, or

Spark, or some other of the strange appellations the rhyming brotherhood assume when they put on their singing-robes. Some poems were still in manuscript, and a desire was shown to recite them ; others had reached lithography and were collected in a *Deewan*. One gentleman edited a magazine in prose, with a healthy circulation of thirty-five, and invited contributions. With the aid of the moonshree's pen one was sent on the electric telegraph, and appeared next to an article on Seth the third son of Adam, who, it was stated, had received no less than fifty short revelations from the Supreme Being. Thus strangely do the centuries clash in the circumstances of our position in India. The tolerable, or intolerable, poetry of my visitors imitated Persian forms, and made use of Sooffee extravagances about the beloved one, the cup-bearer, the tavern-keeper, and all the rest of it, but appeared wholly insincere and inanimate.

Kumr-ood-Deen, when he had laid aside his modesty, was by no means free from some theatrical affectations. One morning he came in obviously excited and disturbed ; he frequently covered his mouth, and shook as with intellectual effervescence. As he clearly wished to be asked what was the matter, the question was put, and it turned out that he had been perusing the writings of Jafur Zuttullee, or Jafur the buffoon, whose extreme facetiousness was the cause of this pantomime ; and, indeed, he mentioned that the recital of portions of this humorist in a party of friends was apt to produce rolling and convulsions, not without danger of internal rupture. As Jafur, however, took a broader view of life than is considered admissible at the present epoch, he need not be quoted, nor would his name have been mentioned, except for one circumstance. M. Garcin de Tassy, in his history of Hindoostanee literature, does not mention Jafur's macaronics. It may contribute an item to the biography of that curious description of composition, to record that Jafur (who wrote in the

time of our Queen Anne and the First George) concocted a mixture of Persian and Oordoo exactly on the lines of the piece which commences *Trumpeter unus erat qui coatum scarlet habebat*.

The moonshee has been shown in his assumed mood of merriment; once or twice he offered an extraordinary imitation of juvenility. On a certain occasion he entered with his youth renewed like that of the eagle. The henna on his beard was replaced by a deep blue dye; his eyes were surrounded by rims of *soorma*, his cheeks were slightly raddled, and he had supplied a prominent gap with the oddest false tooth ever beheld. It was far smaller than the two between which it was most imperfectly suspended by a string, and oscillated with every word spoken, like a child in a swing. His mood was to baffle of erotic verse; and the school-master turned dandy evidently thought that his appearance would do mischief among susceptible hearts, and that he should not escape significant glances from the jealousies.

Seeing me at times desirous of keeping up my classics, the moonshee was curious about Greek. He could scarcely believe that sane histories and artistic poetry still remained as relics of the Ionians, and was more disposed to view their country as Wonderland. For the Arabians have done for Greek history, especially the period of Alexander, what Geoffrey of Monmouth did for that of Britain; they have filled it with myth and magic and incongruities. And as Colonel Allgood did not appear to have kept up his Greek, Kumorood-Deen looked on the strange characters of my Sophocles as decidedly dubious, and concluded that the colonel would not have received them. Ifatoun (Plato) and others had been heard of certainly, but were now considered to exist only in the world of anecdote.

The conversation often turned on religion, though not in the way of controversy. The moonshee was very desirous that it should be understood that Islam accepted Jesus, and ranked him among the six prophets to whom spe-

cial titles had been given. As Adam was called the Chosen of God and Abraham his friend, and so on, in like manner Jesus was the Spirit of God.

A celebrated Mahomedan divine having come to Agra (which was our home after Muttra), it was announced that he would preach weekly in the large mosque. Kumorood-Deen was asked to attend on the first Friday, and to take notes of the sermon. The discourse proved to treat chiefly of the character of Jesus, of whom a singular anecdote was given. The son of Mary, so the legend ran, was wandering in the desert, when a light shone around him, and a voice from the heavens asked "Hast thou perfect trust in me?" The answer was, "Perfect trust in thee, my Father and my Guide." Three times in all was this question put, and three times the same answer was returned. Then the voice enquired, "What is that in the hem of thy garment?" "A needle, Lord," was the reply. "For what purpose?" "To mend the garment, should it become frayed or torn." "And I," said the voice, "on whom all animate creatures wait for their simplest needs, could not I mend thy garment or guard it from injury?" On this story (so curiously misrepresenting our Lord's real teaching) the preacher made the comment that though Jesus was a prominent link in the chain of the prophets, he could not be the last. One more was wanted, and Mustapha came.

Kumorood-Deen, though anxious to admit his English fellow-student to a certain degree of brotherhood, as belonging to the "people of the book," that is, to those who recognize revelation, still, in his heart (as was natural) he set him down as a reprobate and an infidel for not receiving the Koran. He was reminded one day that the colonel *sahib* was probably also an unbeliever. His reply was that the colonel never spoke on religious subjects, but that doubtless so powerful a mind would have accepted the whole truth had it been presented to him, and not a part only.

Surprise was once expressed that I should know anything at all about Moslem history, and on my showing the Moulavee Ockley's work on the Saracens as one of the sources of information, he observed that the restlessness of the foreign mind was unparalleled. Unfortunately, in displaying the book I pointed out the engraving of Mahommed which served as frontispiece. It is mentioned in the Traditions that the Prophet cursed painters of the human form, and portraits are therefore held unlawful. When I looked to see how the likeness was admired, the moonshee had covered his eyes with his hands, and was undergoing a moral shock.

He declared frankly one day that he never could profess Christianity, on account of its containing a strictly forbidden doctrine. This was found to be participation, or the sharing in divine attributes, which is of course admitted in the doctrine of the Trinity. He had the curiosity also to ask whether the divinity of Jesus was an absolutely indispensable belief. Hearing that it was considered the corner-stone of the whole fabric, he lowered his eyes and remained silent.

The moonshee grew very gloomy sometimes over the end of the world. There is a division in the Koran, which had been expounded to him, entitled the Chapter of the Inevitable, in which both heaven and hell are described; and again from tradition and theological treatises may be gathered many terrifying signs which are to precede the day of account. One which had particularly seized on the moonshee's mind was a sweeping wind which was to blow over the earth for many days, and which no heart but one largely endowed with faith could bear up against; one of our biting east winds in March might give some notion of it. The moonshee said that, when he thought that this bleak blast might come in his days, he felt disposed to rush into the wilds, and tear his clothes in madness and despair.

Once he gave way to an extraordinary burst of fanaticism. We had

been speaking of the place of torment, and the remark was made with regard to the millions of idol-worshippers, that a merciful God would doubtless make some gracious allowance for their ignorance of the truth. At this observation Kumr-ood-Deen was roused into unusual animation. "Why should they be spared?" he cried. "They have had thousands of prophets sent them, and more than three hundred apostles, and over a century of revelations, small and great; and yet they have not repented or believed. Most justly, and without a shadow of a doubt, they will be precipitated into the Fire." One could not but recollect the calm stage-direction in an old miracle play of the Ten Virgins, preparatory to a closing scene of glory: *The foolish virgins are swept into the abyss.*

The Night of Power occurs in Ramazan, after sunset of one of five days towards the end, but which of them is not known. For one second in that night the brute creation and the vegetable kingdom bow in recognition of their Maker, and the salt water of the sea becomes sweet. As only the Prophet and some of his companions were entrusted with the exact date, it is a night of mystery as well as of power. Kumr-ood-Deen related that his father, some years back, had only just missed witnessing the act of recognition. The last ten days of the month, as pious people are wont to do, he passed in retreat, and was alone at midnight in a little court where there was a solitary Melia tree. The old sheikh had hung his linen coat on a branch, before kneeling in prayer. The night was still, and the devotion long; some natural weariness was felt, when suddenly a slender sound was heard. The devotee turned, and saw his coat on the ground. The tree had bowed to the power of God, and had dislodged the garment. Oh, that he had turned sooner! He would have witnessed that beautiful courtesy of obeisance which so many had desired to see, and had not seen.

Sometimes we touched on science, and an attempt was made to give some

rough idea of the great discoveries of the age, and the changes they had brought about. They did not greatly impress the moonshee, nor do they impress Mahomedans generally; partly from that belief in the unconditioned power of God which is at the root of their fatalism, and partly because the contemplative mind of the East looks beyond mere physical improvements. Kumer-ood-Deen received my realistic fairy-tales with the acquiescent remark that God was omnipotent; who were we that we should wonder at his caprice or his capacity? But he further observed that the leading contingencies of life were not affected by material progress. People were still led away by love of covetousness, were still subject to accidents and illness, and were still finally destroyed by death, in the most splendid cities as well as in the desert. And then, to the best men, the dervish and the saint, what was fast travelling, or the telegraph, or luxury, or comfort? The contemplation of the Supreme Being had no need of these things. Occasionally the argument about the Divine Power was used to turn the tables against the repudiation of wonders. For the moonshee was a firm supporter of alchemy and the transmutation of metals, an art which is neither recognized nor prohibited by the expounders of the sacred code. During an exposition of this mysterious craft, incredulity was perhaps observable on the countenance of the hearer, for the moonshee cried out: "Why should not such a science exist? With God all things are possible." The answer was given that it was not the impossibility of the fact, but the imperfections of the evidence which created the stumbling-block. To this the disputant replied that, having repeatedly witnessed the alchemistic experiments carried to a successful issue, he was not at liberty to reject the theory, and that even among the most advanced Franks the evidence of the senses would probably still be received.

So these readings and talkings were continued through a long period of time and at various places, and indeed

in special circumstances on journeys. A tour was made one winter to enquire into the condition of certain canal-lands which had been affected by an efflorescence of salts, and the moonshee accompanied. The road lay north of Delhi and took us through Paniput, where the shrine of the celebrated saint was an object of great interest, though his recorded exploits and eccentricities a little ruffled the moonshee's equanimity. He had a small tent of his own, a pony and a boy to look after it, and this youth was a source of much amusement. His faculty of misunderstanding and gift for blundering were quite abnormal. Wullee was his name (not connected with the Scotch abbreviation of William), and some notes were put on paper of his adventures. He would take the pony away from the river to water it in the jungle, and return long after with his mission still unaccomplished from not having been able to come upon a tank. Scores of miles did that lad unnecessarily walk, from starting originally in a wrong direction. There was no article which, in its turn, had not been left behind by him. Lastly, gazing at a flight of birds, he was precipitated into a bullock-run, in a field where irrigation was going on. When the moonshee was told that a similar accident had befallen a Greek philosopher who, too intent on astronomy, had stepped into a well, he was greatly delighted with the anecdote, and booked it at once for frequent reproduction.

At last the Mutiny came upon us, and for a long time we were entirely separated; but when matters settled again, Kumer-ood-Deen returned to me. He had been in Rohilkhund, and he declared that the imbecility of the rebel leaders had convinced him that nothing could be done against the English. When he considered that the resource and self-confidence of one single Colonel Allgood would have been more than a match for a durbar of these bewildered authorities, he determined quietly to await the end. The race that produced Allgoods would

not be easily worsted. He lived in a little house in retirement, and his next-door neighbors, a man and wife, were quarrelling one day, when the husband was heard to say very impolitely: "You had better take care. I can crack your skull and throw you into a hole now. There is no British government to ask questions."

The Mutiny was an endless source of regret to the old man. "The former state of things will never return," he said. It never has done so. He related that a gentleman, with whom we were both acquainted, had turned ferocious during the disturbances from sleeping on a tiger's skin; that he barked occasionally, committed murders, and was not to be tamed. This dangerous animal still haunts the Oriental Club in Hanover Square, and does not seem to be the object of the least alarm to the porter.

Books and manuscripts had all been burnt or buried in the ground by the insurgents; our slipshod studies, however, were gradually resumed on much the same lines. But Kumer-ood-Deen was getting past his time. He was growing weary and uninterested; and at length an arrangement was made by which his son was to have some employment and himself occasional pecuniary aid, and he retired to Muttra where we had first met. The paper currency (which seemed to him a transparent fraud), the agricultural exhibitions (in his view feasts of the Barmecides), rationalism among his co-religionists, sanitation, female education,—all these degenerate subjects perplexed and saddened the old school-master's mind, and he was not sorry to reach home, and to spread his prayer-carpet on the platform of the little mosque near which he lived.

He did not last long. The Mahomedan graveyards are often by the wayside, rough, untended enclosures shadowed by a few wan trees. It is the custom to put a rudely sculptured pen-case on the tombs of the learned. Beneath the emblem of his life's employment, Kumer-ood-Deen now awaits explanations.

On my table lie some Oordoo verses copied in his choice calligraphy. Their quotation will not leave a wrong impression, for it is certainly to be believed that the sentiments which most readily touch the Moslem heart bear on them the sorrowful hues of pessimism. The lines are by Souda, and may be thus rendered:—

One spot in the desolate world
Alone can be counted as blest,
Where those who have spoken are still,
And those who have striven at rest.

J. W. SHERER.

From Chambers' Journal.
THE GREAT BELT IN WINTER.

BY CHARLES EDWARDES.

EVEN in summer the interposition of the Great Belt between the Danes west of Zealand and their friends in Copenhagen must often seem a tiresome arrangement of nature. The passage is some eighteen or twenty miles. The water may be rough, of course. To us of Great Britain it would at any rate seem most annoying if all Britons north of Rugby had to submit to a sea-voyage of an hour and a half ere they could reach the metropolis. The Great Belt passage is bound to be taken in hand by the engineers as soon as the art of constructing bridges over very wide stretches of water has got fairly established.

In winter its trials are now and then very genuine. Not annually does it freeze solid, or even try to, in defiance of the mighty ice-boats which ply to and fro between Korsör on Zealand and Nyborg on Fünen. More often than not, moreover, when it does try, it is defeated by the untiring energy of the skippers of the heavy little boats with engines strong almost out of all proportion to their size. History tells us how, in 1580, the Great Belt was frozen over. This is not a solitary instance. And among the most recent of such occurrences the event of the winter of 1892-93 well deserves mention. For a day or two all traffic was stopped completely. The old-fashioned way of

bringing passengers and mails — including hundreds of tons of accumulated parcel-post matter — to the capital had to be taken up. Barges were laden and pushed across the terrible white expanse in the nipping air. Harder work can scarcely be imagined, or a more anxious trip for an ordinary passenger. For it must not be supposed that the Belt freezes into a surface like a London pavement. Quite otherwise, for the most part. Ere the final grip of frost closes the water-way, the passage has been churned by ice-boats. The currents, too, have drifted the floes from the Cattegat and piled them one on another, or hung them edgewise, in which position they have frozen fast. The nature of the crossing under these conditions, and its slowness, may be imagined. The rest midway on the little islet of Sprogö is almost a necessity, and the lookout thence is about as arctic as anything within the circle from latitude sixty-six degrees north.

For my part, I was fortunate enough to cross the Belt in January, 1893, just two days before the temporary suspension of steamboat passages occurred. There was a hint of what might be in the state of Esbjerg's harbor, as we steamed into it. The night was very cold and still. For the last hour of our journey we had been cutting through ice. There was a pallid moon among the clouds overhead, and now and then it gleamed upon us, and cast lustrous lines athwart the ice-field in the midst of which we cracked our way. It was dangerous to move about the deck, so slippery was it. And at Esbjerg's harbor, where new snow lay deep over old snow, we had to shout and adjure for long ere we could get the necessary help for fastening.

This was at ten o'clock. The temptation to go right on to Copenhagen that night was not at all strong; nor did it seem that such mad haste might be advisable. But at the crowded little inn the polyglot chatter soon told of the dilemma of the Belt. A winter like that of 1892-93 is Esbjerg's opportunity. With the Sound frozen and

Frederikshavn up by the Skaw also ice-blocked, all Denmark's foreign trade gets concentrated on Esbjerg. The port is a new one, but its harbor-works are of a size that show how much reliance is placed upon it. Lying as it does on the west coast of Denmark, and within thirty hours' steam from Harwich, with a regular passenger service, Esbjerg must soon become better known to Englishmen than it is.

From the midst of the aroma of punch, sausages, and coffee, with the smell of tobacco-smoke — thick clouds of it — pungent over all, there was a great babble of tongues. The Danish Boniface civilly exerted himself to tell me the news in my own language while I ate my supper. He had a room full of English coalers on the other side the passage; did I not hear them singing "The Sweet By and by?" They were all extremely busy in Esbjerg just then, unloading coal and lading other vessels with the sides of bacon and tubs of butter which England craves from Scandinavia. Some hundreds of tons of these latter goods had gone to us by a very circuitous route; from Denmark to Sweden, in fact, thence by that long railway journey to Trondhjem, whence they were carried to Hull easily enough. "The frost had become a public enemy," said my landlord, and he pointed to the paragraphs in the daily papers about it. The type could not have been much larger if an invasion by the Germans was being discussed, instead of the phenomenal lowness of the temperature. Amid the clicking of billiard balls and the fumes of many things, I began to see dimly that travelling in Scandinavia in winter might become a trial instead of a pleasure. However, I duly went under my blue feather-bed for the night, bewailed the length of my legs, shivered whenever I woke, and was at seven o'clock roused in earnest by the girl who lights the stove and puts coffee and rusks by your bedside. There was a radiant sun in the heavens. Esbjerg's expanse of snow and ice, with the picturesque green hulls of certain ships stuck up in her inner

harbor and the blue sky over all, looked fair enough. There were about twenty degrees of frost going. It seemed mighty cold work for the fishermen prodding with their long-handled tridents in the water of the harbor by holes cut in the ice.

The morning paper told how *one* passage of the Great Belt each way was all that had been accomplished the previous day. It told also of the rapid disorganization of things in general, due to the frost. Clearly, delay was inadvisable; and so I took my ticket by the first train bound for the capital. The talk *en route* all centred on this one topic: should we get through? or was the passage of the evening before — a long and laborious business — the last of the season before the breaking-up of the frost?

The Little Belt was reached and traversed without difficulty. This channel is but a mile or two across. The massive, lumbering iron ferry-boat had a comparatively easy task to keep it open. The cold here was intense; five degrees below zero, with a keen wind. During the quarter of an hour of our exposure on the ferry-boat's deck, eyelashes froze together, the icicles of one's moustache built on to one's beard, and the latter welded itself into the fur of one's overcoat. Still, in spite of the discomfort, the scene was a pretty one. Fünen's winding white shore, with a fair amount of woodland just here, looked well, contrasted with the green and blue ice boulders which littered them, and the sun's fire-red glow in the west. But I never saw such a sorry set of purple noses and half-iced mortals as we were when set ashore to stumble into our new train. Happily, this was warm as a toast, and our temperature soon ran up.

Then the darkness descended upon us. We crossed the island of Fünen, hoping almost against hope that we should be in time for the evening's boat. But we were not. At Nyborg, on the Great Belt, a hundred disappointed travellers were received with shoulder-shrugs and excuses by the railway officials, and told to possess

their souls in patience until the morrow. The cold had again become most searching. One felt the wind from the eighteen miles of ice of the Belt like so many stabs at the marrow.

I accounted myself fortunate in getting a bed at one of Nyborg's inns. Already the little ferry town was populous with travellers of all kinds — recent arrivals like ourselves; timid arrivals of a day or two back, whose courage was not equal to the thought of what might happen in attempting the passage, and who tarried, praying for a thaw; newspaper agents and others, making copy out of Denmark's predicament; and the largely increased staff of postal authorities. I had strolled in the dusk down to the harbor, and seen there a mountain of mail-matter shovelled into a heap like so many oyster shells. It was not comforting to think of the inconvenience and worse which this dislocation of custom meant.

Every train made things more lively in Nyborg. By bedtime the little town was almost hysterical. The inns did royally; there was no moving-room in their parlors. The westward steamer had not come in. It was five or six hours out; the thermometer showed forty degrees of frost; and there was no telling what might not have happened. When I went to bed, they were quite uproarious in the parlor below my room. But in a smaller parlor on the other side of the corridor I had noticed a much-furred gentleman, his wife, and children, whose silence and doleful air told of the strain their feelings were suffering. Even dominoes seemed powerless to win smiles to their faces.

The following day broke also clear and cold and bright. At breakfast the news of the ice-boat's safe voyage in the night was discussed and applauded. It had not been a very nice voyage, from all accounts. Instead of an hour and a half, it had taken eight hours, and there had been spells of stillness in midway which must have tried the spirits of the more nervous travellers. Still the feat had been accomplished;

and from the frost-rimed window of the room we looked with approval at the stout little ship, smoking hard from its funnel, and preparing for the next passage. We were to take our adventure in that next passage.

Down at the wharf no one knew anything definitely about the time of this voyage. More trains and letters had come in from Hamburg and the south generally. One heard a good deal of forcible and impatient German in the mouths of travellers who were boarding and leaving the steamer. They had not, like us, matriculated in the school of Nyborg's adversity. They were not yet philosophical enough to accept matters, as they stood, and to eat, drink, smoke, and take exercise in the mean time, as though these pastimes were the primary objects of their existence.

From the wharf with its wintry look-out and bleak air, I strolled afresh into Nyborg. For Denmark it is quite an interesting little town, not nearly so new as its name might imply. Indeed, its town hall, set in a considerable public square, bears externally a sixteenth-century date, and an architectural style that stamps it as of the era of Christian IV. A Christian the Fourth style in Denmark is as emphatic as our own Queen Anne's style. It is rather prim and homely; yet, with the crimson sun-flash upon its red bricks, this Nyborg town hall was good for the eyes, after the infinite reach of white ice and snow of the Belt, and carried with it a suggestion of warmth that the weather lacked. Two or three of us seemed to find the town hall under this glow fully as cheering as the extremely hot and smoke-clouded cafés in which travellers of half-a-dozen nationalities sat all day discussing portents and possibilities over "schnapps" and punch.

As the day dawdled on from dawn to noon, and from noon towards sunset time, and no word yet of the steaming hour, it was good to see the Belt under the roseate hue of early evening. I took my *kodak* and tried to catch some of its effects; but of course it was a hopeless attempt. I got numbed fingers instead, and excited more atten-

tion among the already sufficiently perturbed youth of the town than either I or my camera merited.

West of the town is a slight eminence, wooded, with a windmill on it. Considerately enough, the sun chose this admirable locality for its place of retirement from the clear heavens of our hemisphere. The mill was transfigured. Crimson ribbons of cloud radiated from its crest, and seemed to extend a score or two of consecrated (or minatory) arms over the white, bound waterway. A thin vapor rose from the harbor where the steamer's wake still showed in comparatively slight congelations. This also blushed for a few goodly moments. It was like hallowed incense from the ice-tied earth to the pale blue heavens of the zenith. The snow added to the beauty of our surroundings. It took the faint but gracious violet hue that a bright, severe winter gives it. Nor must the translucent green of the ice-floes be forgotten. Add to these varied colors the strong, dark red of the houses, the black of the hulls of many barques in port, quite resigned to their fate, and the weak blue of the sky at the back of the crimson, and it will be seen we had some compensation in our tedious dalliance at Jack Frost's heels.

But it was such very fleeting compensation! Hardly had we begun to enjoy it, when the steely glitter of the stars was overhead, and the increased rigor of moustaches and increased tingling of fingers and toes reminded us of our dubious plight.

At five o'clock I took up my abode in the cabin of the steamer, in company with a few more sage spirits. At any rate, thus the boat could not well leave us behind. As steamers go, this ferry-boat deserves praise. Like all inhabited places of the north during the winter solstice, it was as scorchingly hot within as the outer air was cold. But it had a well-spread table in its saloon, and its seats of crimson velvet were broad and soft and sleep-inducing. Its dome of white and gold yet further satisfied the eye. And the civility of stewards and officers, under

trying conditions, was what one expects only in a land whose people are well disciplined in courtesy.

We were to start when the next mail from the south arrived. At length it came, late of course. With it came, puffing and blowing, another fifty or so individuals — studies in sables and cat-skin, sealskin, astrakhan, and bearskin. These simple folks knew nothing of the enigma that had grown old to us. They thought the official time-table was to be trusted to the minute. It was thus a positive pleasure to us who had surfeited on delay, and had been made testy by it, to enlighten them with the gloom of our superior knowledge; and we found great enjoyment of a sardonic kind in the ejaculations which broke from them at the sequel.

At this conjuncture the night clouded and it began to snow. The snow was whirling thickly from the north when the engines gave their first snort of renewed effort. Supper was served as we moved. Rather more "schnapps" than usual seemed offered at the meal. It was a time, I suppose, for heartening, even with Dutch courage.

The worst of the struggle was during the first hour and a half. For one bad half-hour the issue hung in the balance. There was a short, jet-black line on the horizon, visible even through the falling snow. This was a small island only a mile or two out. For half an hour we could not get that morsel of land astern of us. Crunch as we might, and charge as best we could through the ice, the inevitable stoppage came in less than a minute. It was "Full speed ahead" and "Full speed astern" in brisk succession, with occasional pauses of inactivity and official conference and consultations of the chart, which were not encouraging to us of the laity.

Eventually, the ship's course was altered. The ice-floes of the previous passages had welded together in such obstinate masses that it seemed likely we might do better by charging the virgin ice. This, in fact, is what we did. For ten miles or more the powerful bows of the boat clove their way,

slowly enough where an army might have marched. It was a novel and fascinating method of locomotion, though it seemed to increase the odds against our ultimate success. To those of us who stayed on deck and accepted such buffets as the weather gave us, it was rare to mark the long cracks that yawned reluctantly in the ice, and to hear the discord of its groans as it acknowledged us its master.

The lights of Korsör on Zealand gradually came to gladden us. What if it was past midnight, and we still about three hours from Copenhagen? You would, to have heard them, have thought these Danes of the north as impulsive and excitable a people as the Neapolitans — so eager in congratulations were they! Nor was it quite without reason. Forty hours later, the Great Belt was closed — for a day or two. The ice was temporarily victorious.

A little experience of this kind makes its record on the mind better than the best of geography books. Henceforth, the Great Belt will always be a very real part of the world to me.

From *The Saturday Review*.
JOAN OF ARC.

THE Maid of Orleans has nothing to gain in honors from being canonized. She is canonized already in the hearts of all who love courage, truth, purity, gentleness, and beauty. The ecclesiastical delay to admit her among the ranks which include such a mere pious marvel-monger as St. Joseph of Cupertino is not easily understood by the lay mind. The recent decision of the pope enables the slow and expensive process of canonization to move forward by one step, and it is one step in the right direction.

Unless the *Advocatus Diaboli* knows more than is stated in the reports of the hypocrites and false French Pharisees who condemned the Maid, his case is hopeless. The crime of Jeanne was to have had visions of the saints, and to have heard, as she believed,

supernatural voices, which her foes explained as not heavenly, but diabolical. These experiences she did not confess to any Churchman, neither to her curé nor to the Mendicant Friars, till she was examined about them by a collection of doctors in theology, before she set out to relieve Orleans. Nor did she confide them to her parents. It was, therefore, urged that the visions could not be "from a good airt," as the Covenanters phrased it. If not divine, they were devilish, and Jeanne was a witch and heretic. The conduct of St. Francis, at the beginning of his mission, was not more, but less, filial. Jeanne was afraid that she would be prevented from going to the king if she confessed, and she judged that she must obey God rather than man. The behavior of St. Theresa when, in obedience to her director, she distrusted *her* visions, was more correct; but her friends defended Jeanne on the strength of the highest example. Again, she did not wish to submit her visions, when on trial at Rouen, to "the Church," because the Church there meant the infamous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, and his gang. She was ready to go to the pope or to the Council of Basel; for there, she heard, were "some of our side." Her so-called abjuration was extorted by threats and by a barefaced swindle; the abjuration which she repeated was "no longer than a Pater noster;" her name was then attached to a long document. The hideous malpractices by which she was compelled to resume male dress that she might be treated as "relapsed" do not bear to be recounted. Such other charges as that she wore male dress—with the approval of the French clergy and on the example of St. Martina, St. Margaret, and St. Eugenia—or that she had her hair cut short, or that she was in league with fairies in whom she took an interest, only prove the weakness of the accusers. Volumes of sworn depositions from priests and laity and men of the sword demonstrate that Jeanne was pious, orthodox, as pure as her name, *La Pucelle*, as clean as the

bloodless sword of St. Catherine which she wore, kind, pitiful, and endowed with as perfect a sense of humor as of honor. We see her sheltering on her breast the head of the wounded English prisoner; holding the seemingly dead child at the font till life returned to it and it was baptized; striving to save Glansdale, who had cruelly insulted her; giving up her own bed to weary travellers; checking the profanity of La Hire and the Duc d'Alençon; bantering her Limousin examiner, Seguin, at Poitiers. We never see her other than perfectly noble and purely womanly. One act she repented. When imprisoned in a lofty tower, before she was sold to the English, she conceived the scheme of leaping from the summit. Her voices bade her desist; but there was Compiègne to be rescued, and honor was at stake. She dared the leap, and though she escaped without injury, she was stunned by the shock and recaptured. This act she confessed with penitence, and her saints, she believed, forgave her.

The "voices" and marvels make part of the mystery of Jeanne. As Thomas Basin and Pope Pius II. wrote in, or shortly after, her own day, they are a subject about which men may believe what they please. That Jeanne herself believed in them absolutely is the one thing certain. She died for her belief, for she retracted the abjuration wrung from her by months of abominable ill-treatment, as far as she can be said to have abjured at all. The hearing of voices and seeing of visions are, of course, symptoms of madness, or of hysteria. But Jeanne's actions and counsels were always those of sanity, or, rather, of high military genius. Her health was perfect. She could outlast the hardiest; she scarcely needed food; when an arrow pierced her from breast to back at Orleans, she led the last charge, and she was up and on horseback next day, when the English withdrew. There is not much sign of ill-health, mania, or "the vapors," in the Maiden. If she was mad, it was with the same madness as Socrates. "Every one," says Michelet, "saw

visions in the fifteenth century." This is rather overstated; one other visionary was sought after; Jeanne sent her back "to her husband and children." Her personal beauty is attested by the Duc d'Alençon and by André and Guy Laval, who wrote to their mother that "to see and hear she seems a thing all divine."

About her marvels, it is notable that, in the twenty-five years which passed between her trial and her "rehabilitation," myth had added little to them, and that little is easily distinguishable. Her mission was to relieve Orleans, crown the king at Rheims, drive the English out of France, and rescue the Duc d'Orléans. The last two exploits she did not achieve. Jean Gerson, in probably his last public act, a week after the relief of Orleans, bade the French beware, lest, "by ingratitude and injustice, they defeat the mission of the Maiden." This is exactly what they did. They disobeyed her "counsel" when they retreated from Paris, and that was the end. "I shall only last for a year or little more," she often told Charles after the relief of Orleans; "use me while you may." Her prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. The evidence is that of the Duc d'Alençon, who heard her. Given twenty-five years later, this testimony may be called an illusion of memory, like his tale of how she saved his life. "Go away from there," she said at the siege of Jargeau, "or you will be shot;" and immediately afterwards the man who took his place was shot dead.

One prediction, by a singular piece of luck, was recorded before the event. On April 12, 1429, a Flemish ambassador at Chinon wrote to the government of Brabant that Jeanne had said "*quod ipsa ante Aureliam in conflictu telo vulnerabitur, sed inde non morietur*;" that she would be wounded by an arrow at Orleans, but would not be slain. This prophecy, according to Pasquerel, her confessor, she repeated on the night before the attack on Les Tourelles. "Blood will flow from a wound above my breast." Her knowledge of the king's secret prayer may be ex-

plained as a fortunate guess; her command to dig for the sword behind the altar of St. Catherine de Fierbois, where it was discovered, was attributed to a Blavatskian trick by her enemies. This explanation is quite out of the question. In any case, Jeanne laid no stress on the sword; she broke it, and got one more serviceable. She said: "I love my banner forty times better than my sword." She did not deal in miracle-mongering. "I came not to Poitiers to work signs; lead me to Orleans, and I shall show you signs enough," she said to the learned doctors. She blushed, says Dunois, when obliged to speak of her voices — "would that I might always be as I am when I hear them!"

Even in her own time these experiences were attributed to her habit of fasting, or to the sound of church bells, or the wind in a wood, *in uno nemore*. They are most easily understood as vivid objectified presentations of her own half-conscious thoughts, aroused by "the great pitifulness which was in France." M. Simeon Luce has shown how exposed Domrémy was to incursions of armed robbers, and how St. Michael, whom Jeanne believed she had seen, was prominent in the general mind at the moment. These things helped to stimulate her, but without her voices, she said, she would rather have been torn to pieces than go into France. "To fight is not my estate, but to spin beside my poor mother." Writers like M. Wallon, M. Quicherat, and M. Luce give up the old hypotheses of imposture practised on Jeanne, or by Jeanne. Her tale of the angelic vision shown to the king was a mere parable, told to her judges. She assured them that on the king's secret she would not speak, or, if they made her speak, she would not speak the truth. His doubts of his own legitimacy were the matter in question. Her loyalty, throughout her trial, was as admirable as her courage. D'Alençon attested her genius for handling large bodies of men, and especially for artillery, "as if she had been a general of thirty years' standing."

Here is the real marvel; this was a girl of seventeen, who led and directed great armies. Homer tells us how the unarmed Achilles, by his mere presence and his cry, drove the Trojans from the dyke. Jeanne, a girl, sorely wounded, stood by the fosse of Les Tourelles, when even Dunois despaired. "Charge when my banner touches the wall; the place is yours," she cried; and men of other mettle than the Trojans fled, after a day of victory.

The crime of her burning has scarcely a precedent. It is little comfort that French tools of Bedford betrayed and judged her; that the French of her own party sent not a letter, not a lance, to ransom or to rescue the Maiden. Canonized, or not canonized, history has not her parallel.

From The Sunday Magazine.
SISTER DORA.

BY THE REV. E. J. HARDY, M.A.

THE town of Walsall near Birmingham, is the chief seat of the saddle and harness trade. Perhaps more saddles are made here than in all other places, and enough to justify the boast that "Walsall saddles the world." When, however, on a recent occasion the writer found himself in the town, the first thought that came into his mind was not about the number of saddles that Walsall turns out, but that here was the place where Sister Dora did her work. "When I am gone," said the sister, "many absurd tales will be circulated about me." This prophecy has been fulfilled to some degree by a romance, rather than a history, of her life, which has been written and widely circulated. In this paper I shall put down only the simple statement of what she did, as I heard it from the people of the town, and as it is recorded on the four reliefs of the statue that has been put up at the cost of one thousand pounds to her memory, and upon which I look out from the window where I am writing this.

Besides this statue, which is in the

centre of the town, and represents the sister in her nursing dress with a bandage in her hand, a fine window has been erected to record her work in the parish church, and a painting, representing her commanding presence and fine features, placed in the Walsall Cottage Hospital. This hospital Sister Dora was to have opened, and she received a silver key for the purpose, but she became too ill to do so.

Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, known afterwards as Sister Dora, was the daughter of the Rev. Mark Pattison. She was born at her father's rectory in 1832. She was the youngest but one of a family of twelve children, of whom one was the Rev. Mark Pattison, the late distinguished principal of Lincoln College, Oxford. Her childhood was spent amidst the rural surroundings of her village home, and as a proof that she helped to give brightness to them, we learn that her father called her his "sunshine." The duties which she undertook in connection with the Sunday-school or the small charities of the village gave insufficient scope for her great energy. Her life, too, was unsettled by the death of her mother and by a heart trouble, so she answered the advertisement of a clergyman who wanted a *lady* to take charge of his village school. Becoming the schoolmistress, she gave whatever time she could spare from teaching to nursing any of the villagers who were sick.

In 1865 Sister Dora came to nurse at the Cottage Hospital that was then opened at Walsall. She had not been there long when she caught small-pox from a patient. On recovering, she was sent to the Church of England Sisterhood, to which she belonged, to nurse a private case in the south of England. Just then she heard that her father was seriously ill and desired to see her. She telegraphed to the sister superior for permission to go, and begged that another nurse might be sent in her place to the private patient to whom she had been ordered. The almost incredible answer she received was: "No, you must go at once to Devonshire." Through a mistaken

notion of duty, as it seems to us, Sister Dora obeyed, and had scarcely reached her destination when she was shocked by the tidings of her father's death.

Deciding soon afterwards to sever her connection with the sisterhood, Sister Dora returned to the hospital at Walsall, almost broken-hearted. This was the commencement of a ministry of nursing amongst the suffering of the district that lasted thirteen years. Her natural grace and talent, her handsome presence, and her highbred, sympathetic manner, endeared her to every one with whom she came in contact. This universal sympathy greatly cheered her when, a year afterwards, by lifting a heavy, helpless man in bed, she brought on a severe and critical illness.

On two successive years Walsall was visited by epidemics of small-pox, and the sister devoted herself with unflagging energy to the sufferers.

In 1871, the employés of the London and North-Western Railway Company, grateful for her tender deeds to many of them, presented her with a pony and carriage, which she used for several years for her visits to convalescent patients.

When the dreadful explosion at the Birchills Iron Works (which furnishes the subject for the first relieve on her statue) took place, in consequence of the large number of burnt cases treated in the ward at one time erysipelas broke out, and it was decided to construct the present hospital. In the mean time a house was hired for a temporary one. At the beginning of 1878, hospital fever breaking out, it became necessary to close this temporary institution. Sister Dora then went away amongst her friends, and during her visits symptoms of an aggravated kind showed themselves, and she was told candidly her days were numbered. She did not lack friends or open doors ; but she elected to be brought back to die amongst the people with whom she had spent the best years of her life. Writing to a friend shortly after her arrival in Walsall, she said, " I am so glad to be at Walsall among all I love.

My room is almost a garden of flowers — and oh, the grapes ! they would fill a vinery. I have not a care, it is all sunshine. God has taken away the fears of death, and all sorrow at parting with life."

The sister never lost her cheerfulness though she suffered for weeks before the end came. There was general mourning throughout the town ; and although it was market-day, nearly every shop was closed during the time of the funeral. As the procession wended its way through the crowded streets, working men were seen to raise their caps and brush with their coatsleeves the tears from their eyes. The inscription on the coffin was the same as that on the simple gravestone. " Sister Dora entered into rest December 24th, 1878."

These are the facts of the life, apart from all romance, of this noble woman, as I learned them at Walsall. Having admired her sweet yet powerful features, depicted in a painting in the new Cottage Hospital on the Mount, and heard what the sister who showed it to me had to tell of her great predecessor, I can understand why the people of Walsall should say, " We worship her memory as the most saintly thing that was ever given to us. Her name is immortalized : by her surpassing goodness, and by the love of the whole people for her."

From The Times.

FORMOSAN CAMPHOR.

ONE of the chief staples of Formosa is camphor, but the industry is carried on under somewhat unusual conditions. Mr. Hosie, in a report on Formosa, says that the camphor laurel grows in the savage territory only, and the hillmen or Hakkas, who border on that territory, have to make arrangements with the savage chiefs to protect, or refrain from destroying, the stoves or stills which the former set up in their country. As soon as the hillmen have settled all preliminaries with the savage chiefs, and a suitable spot has been

fixed among the camphor-trees for the erection of a still, the former proceed to run up a shed or rough building, the size of which depends on the number of stoves it is intended to contain. If ten are to be erected, the building would be about twenty feet long by twelve or thirteen feet broad. In the centre of the floor an oblong structure, some four feet high, ten feet long, and six feet broad, is built of sun-dried mud bricks, having five fireplaces or holes at each side raised a foot or so above the floor of the room. The two ends of the structure are solid and without fireplaces. The latter are so built that an earthenware pot can easily be inserted above the fire in each hole. An earthenware cylinder connects the mouth of each pot with the surface of the structure or still; between the pot and the lower end of the cylinder there is a round, thin piece of wood fitting both the mouth of the pot and the lower end of the cylinder, and perforated so as to allow the steam from the water in the pot to pass into the cylinder during distillation. The top of each cylinder is usually about a foot in diameter, and is level with the surface of the still. Such a still would present to the eye a mud structure, with ten round holes on the top and five fire-

places at each of the two longest ends. To complete it, however, ten large earthenware jars are required. These, during the process of distillation, are placed, inverted, on the top of the still immediately over the upper ends of the cylinders so as to form condensers. To prevent the escape of steam from the condensers bands of jute are fitted firmly between their mouths and the top of the still. The pots are filled with water and the cylinders with camphor-wood chips; the jars are in position on the top of the still, and the firewood is lighted under the pots. When the water boils, the steam passes up through the perforated wood into the cylinders, heats and moistens the chips, and ascends to the condensers, carrying with it the camphor fumes which the chips have given forth. The steam then condenses on the inside of the jars, and when the latter are removed, a layer of white camphor crystals is found adhering to them. This is brushed off by hand and placed in baskets. The chips are then withdrawn from the cylinders, fresh chips take their place, water is added to the pots, the condensers are again placed in position, additional firewood is thrown into the fireplaces, and the work of distillation re-commences.

DRAMATIC DISCOVERY UNDER A PARIS SUBURB. — The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* forwards the following account of a strange discovery which was made at Nogent-sur-Marne by a Paris shopkeeper who lives there. He was clearing out a well which had been abandoned for twenty years, and had become full of sand, when he came upon a flight of steps hewn roughly in the chalk. His workmen found on the day following that the steps led into a gallery three feet wide and six feet high. They explored it, and coming to the other end they were startled with the sight of a man with his back against the wall, and wearing the uniform of a National Guard of 1870. The attitude and appearance of this human figure were so lifelike that the workmen, not knowing what to think, and thoroughly frightened, hastened out and

told their employer what they had seen. A search party went down into the gallery. They found that it led into an underground room. The body of a lieutenant of the old National Guard was sitting at a table upon which were a bottle and two wineglasses. Several rifles were stacked in a corner. The officer's attitude was that of a person dozing, the arms folded, and the head nodding. Several sheets of notes were found in the lieutenant's pockets. They will very likely afford a clue to the identity of the two men. How did they meet with their singular fate? A plausible conjecture is that they took refuge from the Germans in the gallery, the sides of which fell in probably by accident, though the people at Nogent are convinced that the Germans knew of the two victims' hiding-place, and filled up the pit in order to bury them alive.

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Amount carried to Surplus Fund during the year	\$236,362.59
Dividends paid to Policyholders during the year	\$174,533.72
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